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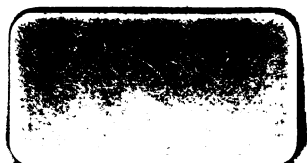
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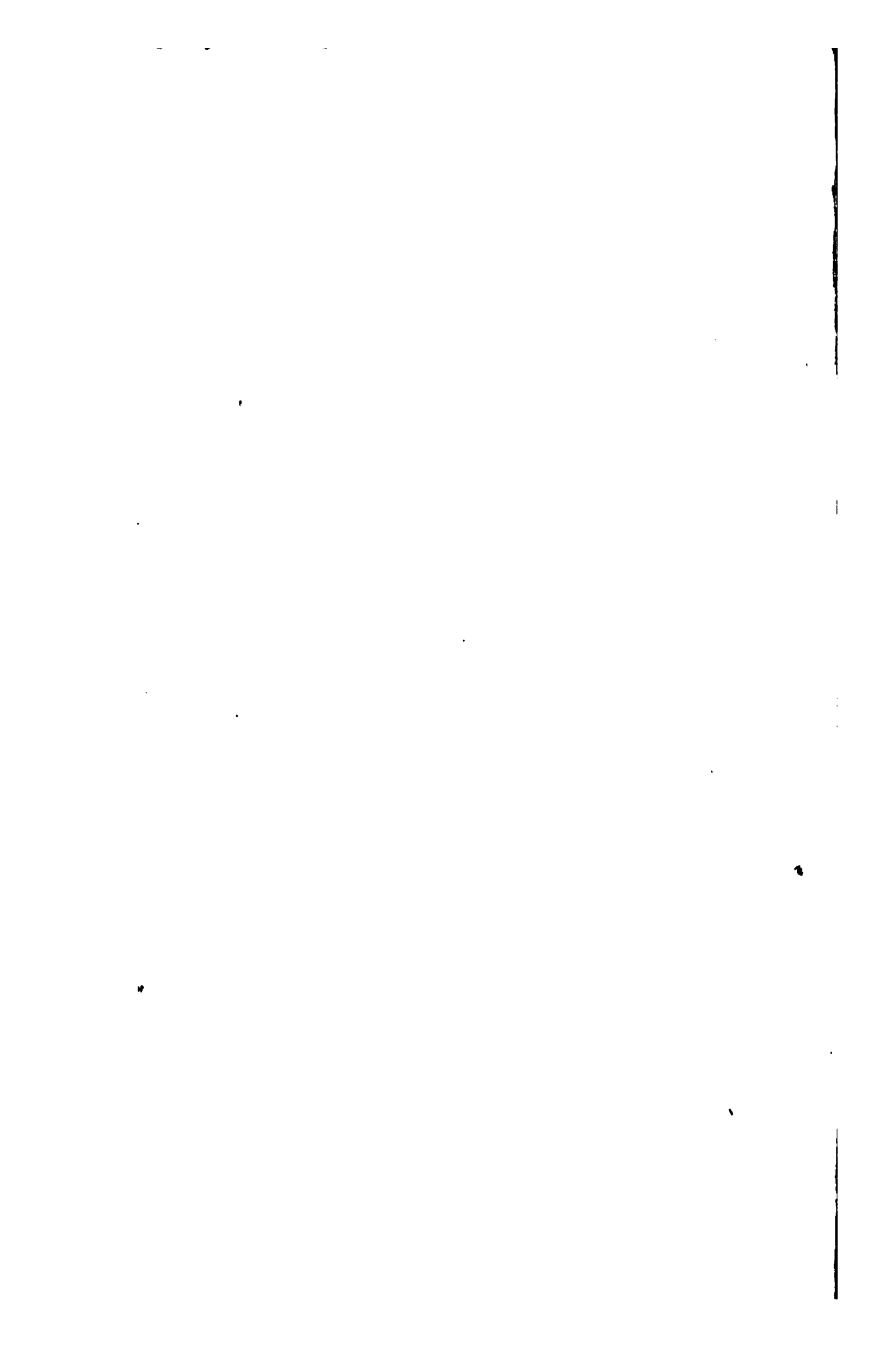
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**GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.**





Anthologia Germanica.

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1845.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE translations comprised in these volumes have (with a single exception) been selected from a series which have appeared at irregular intervals within the last ten years in the pages of *The Dublin University Magazine*. They are now published in their present form at the instance of some valued friends of mine, admirers, like myself, of German literature, and, as I am happy to believe, even more solicitous than I am to extend the knowledge of that literature throughout these kingdoms.

It will be seen that the great majority of the writers from whom they are taken are poets who have flourished within the current century. In confining myself generally to these I have acted less from choice than from necessity. Little or none of that description of material which a translator can mould to his purposes is to be found in the lyrical or ballad compositions of the earlier eras of the German muse; and the elaborate didactical poems of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not, I apprehend, be likely to suit the highly-cultivated tastes of readers of the present day. My design, I need

scarcely remark, has been to furnish, not miscellaneous samples of all kinds of German poetry, but select samples of some particular kinds; and if I have succeeded in this design I have achieved all that I proposed to accomplish, and, I may venture to add, all that my readers would, under any circumstances, have thanked me for accomplishing.

Of the translations themselves it is not for me to say more than that they are, as I would humbly hope, faithful to the spirit, if not always to the letter, of their originals. As a mere matter of duty, however, I am exceedingly anxious to express, and I do here once for all express, my most grateful acknowledgment of the very favorable reception they have experienced from the various periodical publications of the day, and more especially from the newspaper press. Though I may at times be induced to think that the language of my reviewers has been too flattering, I nevertheless gladly accept it as evidence of a generous good-will on their part towards me, which, while it does them honor, should excite me to such endeavours as might in some degree qualify me to deserve it.

J. C. MANGAN.

DUBLIN, JUNE, 1845.

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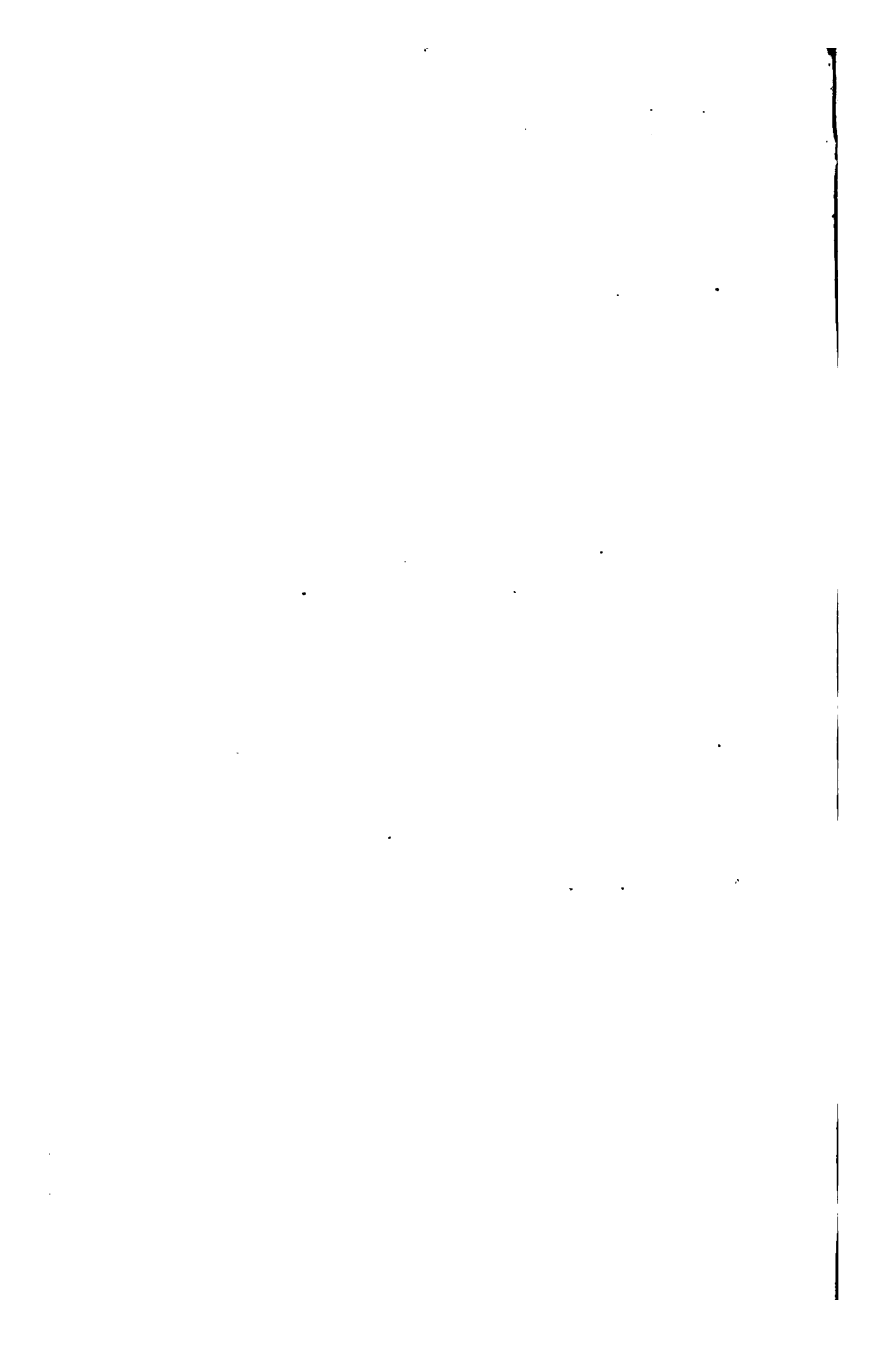
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# GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.

---

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

---

## *The Lay of the Bell.*

---

*Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.*

---

### PREPARATION FOR FOUNDING THE BELL.

FIRMLY walled within the soil  
Stands the firebaked mould of clay.  
Courage, comrades! Now for toil!  
For we cast THE BELL to-day.  
Sweat must trickle now  
Down the burning brow,  
If the work may boast of beauty;  
Still 'tis Heaven must bless our duty.

A word of earnest exhortation

The serious task before us needs :

Beguiled by cheerful conversation

How much more lightly toil proceeds !

Then let us here, with best endeavour,

Weigh well what these our labours mean :

Contempt awaits that artist ever

Who plods through all, the mere machine ;

But Thought makes Man to dust superior,

And he alone is thoughtfulsouled

Who ponders in his heart's interior

Whatever shape his hand may mould.



Gather first the pine-tree wood,

Only be it wholly dry,

That the flame, with subtle flood,

Through the furnace-chink may fly.

Now the brass is in,

Add the alloy of tin,

That the ingredients may, while warm,

Take the essential fluid form.

## OFFICES OF THE BELL

What here in caverns by the power  
Of fire our mastering fingers frame,  
Hereafter from the belfry tower  
Will vindicate its makers' aim ;  
'Twill speak to Man with voice unfailing  
In latest years of after-days,  
Will echo back the mourner's wailing,  
Or move the heart to prayer and praise.  
In many a varying cadence ringing,  
The willing BELL will publish far  
The fitful changes hourly springing  
Beneath Man's evershifting star.

---

Surface-bubbles glittering palely  
Show the mixture floweth well :  
Mingle now the quick *alkali* ;  
That will help to found the BELL.  
Purified from scum  
Must the mass become,  
That the tone, escaping free,  
Clear and deep and full may be.

## THE BIRTH-DAY BELL.

For, with a peal of joyous clangour  
It hails the infant boy that in  
The soft embrace of sleep and languor  
Life's tiring travel doth begin.  
His brighter lot and darker doom  
Lie shrouded in the Future's womb.  
Watched over by his tender mother,  
His golden mornings chase each other.  
Swift summers fly like javelins by.  
The woman's yoke the stripling spurneth ;  
He rushes wildly forth to roam  
The wide world over, and returneth  
When years have wheeled—a stranger—home.  
Arrayed in Beauty's magic might,  
A vision from the Heaven that's o'er him,  
With conscious blush and eye of light,  
The bashful virgin stands before him.  
Then flies the youth his wonted sports,  
For, in his heart a nameless feeling  
Is born ; the lonesome dell he courts,  
And down his cheek the tears are stealing.

He hangs upon her silver tone,  
He tracks with joy her very shadow,  
And culls, to deck his lovely one,  
The brightest flowers that gem the meadow.  
O ! golden time of Love's devotion,  
When tenderest hopes and thrills have birth,  
When hearts are drunk with blest emotion,  
And Heaven itself shines out on Earth !  
Were thy sweet season ever vernal !  
Were early Youth and Love eternal !

---

Ha ! the pipes appear embrowned,  
So this little staff I lower :  
'Twill be time, I wiss, to found,  
If the fluid glaze it o'er.  
Courage, comrades ! Move !  
Quick the mixture prove.  
If the soft but well unite  
With the rigid all is right.

---

## THE WEDDING-BELL.

For, where the Strong protects the Tender,  
Where Might and Mildness join they render

A sweet result, content ensuring ;  
Let those then prove who make election,  
That heart meets heart in blent affection,  
Else Bliss is brief, and Grief enduring !  
In the bride's rich ringlets brightly  
Shines the flowery coronal,  
As the BELL, now pealing lightly,  
Bids her to the festal hall.  
Fairest scene of Man's elysian  
World ! thou closest life's short May :  
With the *zone* and *veil*<sup>1</sup> the Vision  
Melts in mist and fades for aye !  
The rapture has fled,  
Still the love has not perished ;  
The blossom is dead,  
But the fruit must be cherished.  
The husband must out,  
He must mix in the rout,  
In the struggle and strife  
And the clangor of life,  
Must join in its jangle,  
Must wrestle and wrangle,  
O'erreaching, outrunning,  
By force and by cunning,

That Fortune propitious  
May smile on his wishes.  
Then riches flow in to his uttermost wishes.  
His warehouses glitter with all that is precious ;  
The storehouse, the mansion,  
Soon call for expansion,  
And busied within is  
The orderly matron,  
The little ones' mother,<sup>3</sup>  
Who is everywhere seen  
As she rules like a queen,  
The instructress of maidens  
And curber of boys ;  
And seldom she lingers  
In plying her fingers,  
But doubles the gains  
By her prudence and pains,  
And winds round the spindle the threads at her leisure,  
And fills odoriferous coffers with treasure,  
And storeth her shining receptacles full  
Of snowywhite linen and palecoloured wool,  
And blends with the Useful the Brilliant and Pleasing,  
And toils without ceasing.

And the father counts his possessions now  
As he paces his house's commanding terrace,  
And he looks around with a satisfied brow  
On his pillarlike trees in rows unending,  
And his barns and rooms that are filling amain,  
And his granaries under their burden bending,  
And his wavy fields of golden grain,  
And speaks with exultation,  
"Fast as the Earth's foundation,  
Against all ill secure,  
Long shall my house endure!"  
But ah! with Destiny and Power  
No human paction lasts an hour,  
And Ruin rides a restless courser.

---

Good! The chasm is guarded well;  
Now, my men! commence to found;  
Yet, before ye run the BELL,  
Breathe a prayer to Heaven around!  
Wrench the stopplecork!  
God protect our work!  
Smoking to the bow it flies,  
While the flames around it rise.



## THE FIRE-BELL.

Fire works for good with noble force  
So long as Man controls its course ;  
And all he rears of strong or slight  
Is debtor to this heavenly might.  
But dreadful is this heavenly might  
When, bursting forth in dead of night,  
Unloosed and raging, wide and wild  
It ranges, Nature's chainless child !

Woe ! when oversweeping bar,  
With a fury nought can stand,  
Through the stifled streets afar  
Rolls the monstrous volumebrand !  
For the elements ever war  
With the works of human hand.

From the cloud  
Blessings gush ;  
From the cloud  
Torrents rush ;  
From the cloud alike  
Come the bolts that strike.  
Larum peals from lofty steeple  
Rouse the people !

Red, like blood,  
Heaven is flashing !  
How it shames the daylight's flood !  
Hark ! what crashing  
Down the streets !  
Smoke ascends in volumes !  
Skyward flares the flame in columns !  
Through the tentlike lines of streets  
Rapidly as wind it fleets !  
Now the white air, waxing hotter,  
Glowa a furnace—pillars totter—  
Rafters crackle—casements rattle—  
Mothers fly—  
Children cry—  
Under ruins whimper cattle.  
All is horror, noise, affright !  
Bright as noontide glares the night !  
Swung from hand to hand with zeal along  
By the throng,  
Speeds the pail. In bowlike form  
Sprays the hissing watershower,  
But the madly-howling storm  
Aids the flames with wrathful power ;  
Round the shrivelled fruit they curl ;

Grappling with the granary-stores,  
Now they blaze through roof and floors,  
And with upward-dragging whirl,  
Even as though they strove to bear  
Earth herself aloft in air,  
Shoot into the vaulted Void,  
Giantvast !  
Hope is past :  
Man submits to God's decree,  
And, all stunned and silently,  
Sees his earthly All destroyed !

Burned a void  
Is the Dwelling :  
Winter winds its wailing dirge are knelling ;  
In the skeleton windowpits  
Horror sits,  
And exposed to Heaven's wide woof  
Lies the roof.     •

One glance only  
On the lonely  
Sepulchre of all his wealth below  
Doth the man bestow ;

Then turns to tread the world's broad path.  
It matters not what wreck the wrath  
Of fire hath brought on house and land,  
One treasured blessing still he hath,  
His Best Beloved beside him stand !

---

Happily at length, and rightly,  
Doth it fill the loamy frame :  
Think ye will it come forth brightly ?  
Will it yet fulfil our aim ?  
If we fail to found ?  
If the mould rebound ?  
Ah ! perchance, when least we deem,  
Fortune may defeat our scheme.

---

In hope our work we now confide  
To Earth's obscure but hallowed bosom ;  
Therein the sower, too, doth hide  
The seed he hopes shall one day blossom,  
If bounteous Heaven shall so decide.  
But holier, dearer Seed than this  
We bury oft, with tears, in Earth,  
And trust that from the Grave's abyss  
'Twill bloom forth yet in brighter birth.

## THE PASSING BELL.

Hollowly and slowly,  
By the BELL's disastrous tongue,  
Is the melancholy  
Knell of death and burial rung.  
Heavily those muffled accents mourn  
Some one journeying to the last dark bourne.

Ah ! it is the spouse, the dear one !  
Ah ! it is that faithful mother !  
She it is that thus is borne,  
Sadly borne and rudely torn  
By the sable Prince of Spectres  
From her fondest of protectors—  
From the children forced to flee  
Whom she bore him lovingly,  
Whom she gazed on day and night  
With a mother's deep delight.  
Ah ! the house's bands, that held  
Each to each, are doomed to sever  
She that there as mother dwelled  
Roams the Phantomland for ever.

Truest friend and best arranger !

Thou art gone, and gone for aye ;  
And a loveless hireling stranger  
O'er thine orphaned ones will away.

---

Till the BELL shall cool and harden

Labour's heat a while may cease.  
Like the wild bird in the garden,  
Each may play or take his ease,  
Soon as twinkles Hesper,  
Soon as chimes the Vesper,  
All the workman's toils are o'er,  
But the master frets the more.

---

Wandering through the lonely greenwood,

Blithely hies the merry rover  
Forward tow'rd his humble hovel.  
Bleating sheep are homeward wending,  
And the herds of  
Sleek and broadbrowed cattle come with  
Lowing warning  
Each to fill its stall till morning.  
Townward rumbling  
Reels the waggon,

Corn-o'erladen,  
On whose sheaves  
Shine the leaves  
Of the Garland fair,  
While the youthful band of reapers  
To the dance repair.  
Street and market now grow stiller :  
Round the social hearth assembling,  
Gaily crowd the house's inmates,  
As the towngate closes creaking ;  
And the earth is  
Robed in sable.  
But the night, which wakes affright  
In the souls of conscience-haunted men,  
Troubles not the tranquil denizen,  
For he knows the eye of Law unsleeping  
Watch is keeping.

Blessed Order! heavendescended  
Maiden! Early did she band  
Like with like, in union blended,  
Social cities early planned ;  
She the fierce barbarian brought  
From his forest-haunts of wildness ;

She the peasant's hovel sought,  
And redeemed his mind to mildness,  
And first wove that everdearest band,  
Fond attachment to our Fatherland!

Thousand hands in ceaseless motion  
All in mutual aid unite,  
Every art with warm devotion  
Eager to reveal its might,  
All are bonded in affection ;  
Each, rejoicing in his sphere,  
Safe in Liberty's protection,  
Laughs to scorn the scoffer's sneer.  
Toil is polished Man's vocation :  
Praises are the meed of Skill ;  
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,  
We will vaunt our Labour still.

Mildest Quiet !  
Sweetest Concord !  
Gently, gently  
Hover over this our town !  
Ne'er may that dark day be witnessed  
When the dread exterminators



Through our vales shall rush, destroying,  
When that azure  
Softly painted by the rays of  
Sunset fair  
Shall (O horror !) with the blaze of  
Burning towns and hamlets glare !

---

Now, companions, break the mould,  
For its end and use have ceased :  
On the structure 'twill unfold  
Soul and sight alike shall feast.  
Swing the hammer ! Swing !  
Till the covering spring.  
Shivered first the mould must lie  
Ere the BELL may mount on high.

---

The Master's hand, what time he wills,  
May break the mould ; but woe to ye  
If, spreading far in fiery rills,  
The glowing ore *itself* shall free !  
With roar as when deep thunder crashes  
It blindly blasts the house to ashes,  
And as from Hell's abysmal deep  
The deathtide rolls with lava sweep.

Where lawless force is awless master  
Stands nought of noble, nought sublime ;  
Where Freedom comes achieved by Crime  
Her fruits are tumult and disaster.

---

THE TOCSIN OR ALARM-BELL.

Woe ! when in cities smouldering long  
The pent-up train explodes at length !  
Woe ! when a vast and senseless throng  
Shake off their chains by desperate strength !  
Then to the bellrope rushes Riot,  
And rings, and sounds the alarm afar,  
And, destined but for tones of quiet,  
The Tocsin peals To War ! To War !

“ Equality and Liberty ! ”

They shout : the rabble seize on swords ;  
And streets and halls\* fill rapidly  
With cutthroat gangs and ruffian hordes.  
Then women change to wild hyenas,  
And mingle cruelty with jest,  
And o'er their prostrate foe are seen, as  
With panther-teeth they tear his breast.

All holy shrines go trampled under :  
The Wise and Good in horror flee ;  
Life's shamefaced bands are ripped asunder,  
And cloakless Riot wantons free.  
The lion roused by shout of stranger,  
The tiger's talons, these appal—  
But worse, and charged with deadlier danger,  
Is reckless Man in Frenzy's thrall !  
Woe, woe to those who attempt illuming  
Eternal blindness by the rays  
Of Truth !—they flame abroad, consuming  
Surrounding nations in their blaze!

---

God hath given my soul delight !  
Glancing like a star of gold,  
From its shell all pure and bright  
Comes the metal kernel rolled.  
Brim<sup>d</sup> and rim, it gleams  
As when sunlight beams ;  
And the armorial shield and crest  
Tell that Art hath wrought its best.

In, in ! our task is done—  
In, in, companions every one !

By what name shall we now baptize the BELL?  
CONCORDIA will become it well:  
For oft in concord shall its pealing loud  
Assemble many a gay and many a solemn crowd.

---

#### THE DESTINATION OF THE BELL.

And this henceforward be its duty,  
For which 'twas framed at first in beauty;  
High o'er this world of lowly labour  
In Heaven's blue concave let it rise,  
And heave aloft, the thunder's neighbour,  
In commerce with the starry skies.  
There let it chorus with the story  
Of the resplendent planetsphere,  
Which nightly hymns its MAKER's glory,  
And guides the garland-crownèd year.  
Be all its powers devoted only  
To things eternal and sublime,  
As hour by hour it tracks the lonely  
And forwardwinging flight of Time!  
To destiny an echo lending,  
But never doomed itself to feel,  
For ever be it found attending

Each change of Life's revolving wheel  
And, as its tone, when tolling loudest,  
Dies on the listener's ear away,  
So let it teach that all that's proudest  
In human might must thus decay !

---

Now attach the ropes—now move,  
Heave the BELL from this its prison,  
Till it hath to Heaven above  
And the realm of Sound arisen.  
Heave it ! heave it !—there—  
Now it swings in air.  
Joy to this our city may it presage !  
PEACE attend its first harmonious message !

**The Message to the Iron-foundry.**

## A BALLAD.

A God-revering youth, we learn,  
Was gentle Fridolin :  
Reared by the Countess Von Savern,  
His childhood knew no sin.  
Oh ! she was mild—so mild and good !  
But even Caprice's harshest mood  
He would have borne, this duteous boy,  
And borne, for love of God, with joy.

From streaky gleam of morning's light  
Until the vesper-toll,  
He wrought for her with earnest might,  
He gave her heart and soul.  
“ Rest, rest, my child ! ” the dame would cry :  
Then tears would fill the Page's eye,  
But still he toiled, and seemed to feel  
The labour lost that wanted zeal.

And therefore did the Countess raise  
Him o'er her menials all,  
And from her lovely lips his praise  
Was hourly heard to fall.  
Her knave or page he scarce was named ;  
His heart a filial interest claimed ;  
And often would her pleased glance  
Dwell on his comely countenance.

Now in the huntsman Robert this  
Begot the wrath of Hell.  
With Envy's devilish venom his  
Black breast began to swell ;  
And, listening to the Tempter's word,  
Straightway one day he sought his Lord,  
Fresh from the chace, and strewed with art  
Doubt's darkling seeds within his heart.

"How blest are you, my noble master !"  
So spake his cunning deep—  
"No spectral omens of disaster  
Affright your golden sleep.  
You have a pure and virtuous wife,  
Of rarest worth and purest life,

Whose ever-spotless faith to stain  
Seducers might attempt in vain."

Then loured his Master's brow of gloom—

"What trumpery dost thou rave?  
Shall Man on Woman's troth presume?

What shifts as shifts the wave  
Soon falls the losel wheedler's prey:  
*My* trust, I trow, hath sterner stay.  
Is here no gallant fop to earn  
Smiles from the Countess Von Savern."

Quoth Robert, "Right, my Lord!—In sooth

He should but move your scorn,  
Your pity. Most audacious youth!

A thrall, a vassal born,  
To lift his wanton eyes to her,  
His Lady and his Fosterer!"  
"Ha!" cried the other, startled, "How?  
Who? Where? What youth? How sayest thou?"

"What! Wiss you not, my Lord, the tale

They babble far and nigh?  
Nay, now, methinks you fain would veil



The truth: Well, so shall I."  
"Man!" cried the other, "mock me not!  
Speak! else I stab thee on the spot!  
Who dares to think on Cunigond?"  
"My Lord, that smock-faced page beyond.

"In sooth he . . . seems . . . a shapely springald,"  
He said with damning art,  
While cold and hot the quick blood tingled  
About his listener's heart.  
"And marked you never, even by chance,  
How she, not you, absorbs his glance,  
And how he leans, with lovesick air,  
At table o'er your Lady's chair?

"Look! Read, my Lord, these amor<sup>us</sup> lines—  
Mark how his feelings burn:  
He owns the love with which he pines,  
And asks a like return.  
Your highsouled Consort, with a view  
To spare him, screens his guilt from you.  
. . . But I have idly vexed your ear,  
For what, my Lord, have *you* to fear?"

At once into a neighbouring wood  
The Count in frenzy rode,  
Wherein an Iron-foundry stood,  
Whose furnace redly glowed.  
Here, late and early, swinking hands,  
Fed volumed flames and blazing brands  
While sparkles flew, and bellows roared,  
And molten ore in billows poured.

Here waves on waves, fires hot and hotter,  
In raging strength were found ;  
Huge millwheels, turned by foaming water,  
Clanged clattering round and round.  
Harsh engines brattled night and day ;  
The thunderous hammer stunned away,  
With sledgeblows blended, which descended  
Till even the stubborn iron bended.

And, beckoning there to workmen two,  
He called them from their task,  
And spake : " The FIRST who comes to you  
From me, and thus shall ask—  
' Have ye fulfilled the Count's desire ?'

*Him* cast in yonder furnace-fire,  
So that his bones be cindered white,  
And he no more may blast my sight !”

This dark behest the monsters twain  
Enjoyed with bloody zest,  
For anvil-dead had longtime lain  
The heart in either's breast,  
And fiercelier now they blow the fire,  
Till palier shoots its flame and higher,  
And glare thereon with gloating eyes,  
Impatient for the sacrifice.

To Fridolin the huntsman speeds,  
And speaks with oily tone—  
“ Companion mine, the Master needs  
Thy presence : Go alone !”  
He went : then spake the Count, “ Must waste  
No time, but to the Foundry haste,  
And ask the furnace-men this word—  
‘ Have ye obeyed the Count, my Lord ? ’ ”

Said Fridolin, “ Without delay.”  
But pausing musefully,

Perchance, he thought, my Lady may

Have some commands for me.

Anon before the Dame he stands,

And speaks :—" My Lord the Count commands

Me to the Foundry ; so, if thou

Wouldst aught, I bide thy bidding now."

Replied the Dame with silvery tone,

" My son lies ill, alas !

Else I to-day had gladly gone

To hear the holy Mass.

Go thou, my child, instead, and be

Thine orisons to God for me,

So, when thy sins are blanched by Heaven,

Mine too, I trust, may be forgiven."

The Page received with joy the glad

And everwelcome order,

But ere with bounding step he had

Attained the village border,

Hark ! toll ! and toll ! the Minster-bell

Pealed out with clear and solemn swell,

Inviting chosen souls to share

The Eucharistic banquet there.

“ If God shall call thee o’er and o’er,

Resist not thou His will,”

He said, and entered at the door,

But all within was still ;

For these were harvest-days, and now

Men toiled afield with sweltering brow,

Nor clerk was nigh, nor choral throng

To serve at Mass with answering song.

Eftsoons the aisle he therefore trod,

And filled the sexton’s post :

Said he, “ The time we give to God,

Be sure, is never lost.”

The stole upon the Priest he placed,

And bound the cincture round his waist,

And then prepared the water-glass

And sacred chalice-cup for Mass.

Which finished with decorous haste,

The novice did not falter,

But walked before the Priest, and placed

The missal on the altar ;

And knelt at left and right-hand duly,

And answered reverently and truly ;

And as the Priest the *Sanctus* sang,  
His little bell three times he rang.

And when the Priest, inclining lowly,  
Knelt humbly to adore  
The present God whom, pure and holy,  
In hand upraised he bore,  
The bell again went tinkling, tinkling,  
To give the throng the usual inkling,  
And all, adoring CHRIST, and kneeling,  
Then beat their breasts with contrite feeling.

He thus accomplished all with ease,  
By quick perceptive thought,  
For he those hallowed usages  
From childhood had been taught ;  
Nor tired when at the close the Priest  
Pronounced the *Ite : Missa est*,  
And, turning round, bestowed aloud  
His blessing on the assembled crowd.

Book, stole, and cup, he then restored,  
Each to its place, anew,  
And, having cleaned the altarboard.

He noiselessly withdrew,  
And tow'rds the wood, his purposed goal,  
Retook his way with placid soul,  
And, as his prayers were uncompleted,  
Twelve Paternosters more repeated.

And reaching soon the hammerers' den,  
Mid smoke and storming fires,  
He stopped and asked—"Have you, ye men,  
Done what the Count desires?"  
When, pointing tow'rds the furnace wide,  
And grimly grinning, one replied—  
"The cindered bones require no bellows—  
The Count may style us dexterous fellows!"

He bears the answer to his Master,  
Who spies him with surprise,  
And, as he nears him, fast and faster,  
Almost mistrusts his eyes.  
"Unhappy wretch! Whence comest thou?"  
"This moment from the Foundry." "How!  
Thou hast been loitering, then, elsewhere?"  
"My Lord, I stopped for Mass and prayer,

“ For when this morning I retired  
With your command, I sought  
Your spouse, if haply she required,  
My services in aught,  
Who bade me hear the Mass : content  
And willing, I obeyed and went ;  
And thrice I said my rosary  
For her and your prosperity.”

The Count, amazed and quivering, gazed,  
While terror blanched his cheek.  
“ And what reply was given thee by  
The Foundry-workmen ? Speak ! ”  
“ Obscure, my Lord, it seemed : One shewed  
Me where the horrid furnace glowed,  
And grinned, and thus his answer flowed—  
‘ The cindered bones require no bellows :  
The Count may style us dexterous fellows ! ’ ”

“ And Robert ? ” asked the Count—and strange  
Sensations iced his blood—  
“ Didst thou not meet him on thy range ?  
I sent him to the wood.”



“My Lord, in wood or mead around  
No trace of Robert have I found.”  
“Then,” cried the Count, with reverent fear,  
“God has Himself passed judgment here!”

And, yielding to a softer mood,  
The unconscious Page he led  
Before his spouse (who understood  
The mystery not) and said,—  
“Be kind and bounteous tow’rds this child;  
No angel is more undefiled.  
THOUGH MEN MISJUDGE, CONDEMN, DISTRUST,  
GOD AND HIS SAINTS WATCH O’ER THE JUST.”

**The Biber.**

## A BALLAD.

“ Baron or vassal, is any so bold  
As to plunge in yon gulf and follow  
Through chamber and cave this beaker of gold  
Which already the waters whirlingly swallow ?  
Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss  
Shall keep it : the gold and the glory be his ! ”

So spake the king, and incontinent flung  
From the cliff that, gigantic and steep,  
High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,  
A glittering wine-cup down in the deep ;  
And again he asked, “ Is there one so brave  
As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave ? ”

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear  
The challenging words of the speaker ;  
And some glance downwards with looks of fear,  
And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.  
And a third time the King his question urges—  
“ Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges ? ”

But the silence lasts unbroken and long ;  
    When a Page, fair-featured and soft,  
Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,  
    And his mantle and girdle already are doffed,  
And the groups of nobles and damosels nigh,  
Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow  
    And measures the drear depth under ;—  
But the waters Charybdis had swallowed she now  
    Regurgitates bellowing back in thunder ;  
And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,  
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

And it seethes and roars, it welters and boils,  
    As when water is showered upon fire ;  
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,  
    And flood over flood sweeps higher and higher,  
Upheaving, downrolling, tumultuously  
As though the abyss would bring forth a young sea.

But the terrible turmoil at last is over ;  
    And down through the whirlpool's well  
A yawning blackness ye may discover,  
    Profound as the passage to central Hell ;

And the waves, under many a struggle and spasm,  
Are sucked in afresh by the gorge of the chasm.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth  
Invokes the Great Name of God ;  
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth  
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed ;  
And down he descends through the watery bed,  
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

But though for a while they have ceased their swell,  
They roar in the hollows beneath,  
And from mouth to mouth goes round the farewell—  
“ Brave-spirited youth, good night in death ! ”  
And louder and louder the roarings grow,  
While with trembling all eyes are directed below.

---

Now, wert thou even, O monarch ! to fling  
Thy crown in the angry abyss,  
And exclaim, “ Who recovers the crown shall be king ! ”  
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wiss ;  
For what in Charybdis's caverns dwells  
No chronicle penned of mortal tells.

Full many a vessel beyond repeal

Lies low in that gulf to-day,  
And the shattered masts and the drifting keel  
Alone tell the tale of the swooper's prey.  
But hark !—with a noise like the howling of storms,  
Again the wild water the surface deforms !

---

And it hisses and rages, it welters and boils,  
As when water is spurted on fire,  
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,  
And wave over wave beats higher and higher,  
While the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,  
Breaks its white way through the waters around.

When lo ! ere as yet the billowy war  
Loud raging beneath is o'er,  
An arm and a neck are distinguished afar,  
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore,  
And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,  
He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

And lengthened and deep is the breath he draws  
As he hails the bright face of the sun ;  
And a murmur goes round of delight and applause—  
He lives !—he is safe !—he has conquered and won !

He has mastered Charybdis's perilous wave !  
He has rescued his life and his prize from the grave !

Now, bearing the booty triumphantly,  
At the foot of the throne he falls,  
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee ;  
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,  
Who fills with red wine the golden cup,  
While the gallant stripling again stands up.

“ All hail to the King ! Rejoice, ye who breathe  
Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven !  
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath ;  
And let Man beware how he tempts high Heaven !  
Let him never essay to uncurtain to light  
What Destiny shrouds in horror and night !

“ The maelstrom dragged me down in its course ;  
When, forth from the cleft of a rock,  
A torrent outrushed with tremendous force,  
And met me anew with deadening shock ;  
And I felt my brain swim and my senses reel  
As the double-flood whirled me round like a wheel.

" But the GOD I had cried to answered me

When my destiny darkliest frowned,  
And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,  
Whereunto I clung, and there I found  
On a coral jag the goblet of gold,  
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

" And the gloom through measureless toises under

Was all as a purple haze;  
And though sound was none in these realms of wonder,  
I shuddered when under my shrinking gaze  
That wilderness lay developed where wander  
The dragon, and dog-fish, and sea-salamander.

" And I saw the huge kraken and magnified snake

And the thornback and ravening shark  
Their way through the dismal waters take,  
While the hammer-fish wallowed below in the dark,  
And the river-horse rose from his lair beneath,  
And grinned through the grate of his spiky teeth.

" And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,

Among skeleton larvæ, the only  
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid  
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.

Not a human voice—not an earthly sound—  
But silence, and water, and monsters around.

“Soon one of those monsters approached me, and plied  
His hundred feelers to drag  
Me down through the darkness ; when, springing aside,  
I abandoned my hold of the coral crag,  
And the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,  
And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length.”

Then spake to the Page the marvelling King,  
“The golden cup is thine own,  
But—I promise thee further this jewelled ring  
That beams with a priceless hyacinth-stone,  
Shouldst thou dive once more and discover for me  
The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea.”—

Now the King's fair daughter was touched and grieved,  
And she fell at her father's feet—  
“Oh, father, enough what the youth has achieved !  
Expose not his life anew, I entreat !  
If this your heart's longing you cannot well tame,  
There are surely knights here who will rival his fame.”—



But the King hurled downwards the golden cup,  
And he spake, as it sank in the wave,  
“ Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it me up,  
As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,  
Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she  
Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall be !”—

Then the blood to the youth's hot temples rushes,  
And his eyes on the maiden are cast,  
And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,  
And then growing pale and sinking aghast.  
So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,  
For Life or for Death he again plunges down.

The far-sounding din returns amain,  
And the foam is alive as before,  
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain, in vain—  
The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar.  
But while ages shall roll and those billows shall thunder,  
That youth shall sleep under !

**Polycrates and his King.**

## A BALLAD.

He stood upon his palace-wall.  
His proud eye wandered over all  
The wealth of Samos, east and west.  
“ See ! this is mine—all this *I* govern !”  
He said, addressing Egypt’s Sovereign,  
“ Confess ! my lot indeed is blest !”

“ Yes, thou hast won the Gods’ high favour.  
For nobler men than thou, and braver,  
Thy rivals once, are now thy slaves ;  
But, Fate will soon revenge the wrong—  
I dare not call thee blest, so long  
As Heaven is just or Earth has graves !”

While yet he spake, behold ! there came  
A messenger in Milo’s name—

“ Health to the great Polycrates !”  
O King, braid laurels in thy hair,  
And let new Pœans thrill the air,  
And incense-offerings load the breeze !

“ Spear-pierced, thy rebel foe lies dead.  
Behold ! I bear the traitor’s head,  
Sent by thy General, Polydore.”—  
Unrolling a dark shroud of cloth,  
He bared, before the gaze of both  
A ghastly head, still dropping gore !

The Stranger King shrank back a pace,  
Then said—“ Thou art of mortal race :  
On earth Success but heralds Ill.  
Thou hast a fleet at sea : Beware !  
For waves and winds heed no man’s prayer,  
And Tempest wakes at Neptune’s will !”

But hark ! a loud, a deafening shout  
Of welcome from the throng without !  
“ Joy ! joy !” The fleet so long away,  
So long away, so long awaited,

At last is come, and, richly freighted,  
Casts anchor in the exulting bay !”

The Royal Guest hears all, astounded.  
“ Thy triumphs, truly, *seem* unbounded,  
But *are* they ? No ! Thy star will set ;  
The javelins of the Cretan hordes  
Strike surer home than Samian swords,  
And thou must fall before them yet !”—

Even while he warns again rejoice  
The crowd with one tumultuous voice—  
“ Hurrah ! Dread Sovereign, live away !  
The war is over ! Lo ! the storms  
Have wrecked thy foes ! The savage swarms  
Of Crete and Thrace are Neptune’s prey !”

“ It is enough !” exclaimed the Guest :  
Blind Mortal ! call thyself The Blest—  
Feel all that Pride and Conquest can !  
I here predict thine overthrow,  
For, perfect bliss, unstarred with woe,  
Came never yet from God to Man.

" I too have been most fortunate :  
At home, abroad, in camp and state,  
The bounteous Gods long favoured me—  
Yet I have wept ! My only-cherished,  
My son died in my arms ! He perished,  
And paid my debt to Destiny.

" If thou, then, wilt propitiate Fate,  
Pray God forthwith to adulterate  
Thy Cup of Joy ! In all my past  
Experience never knew I one  
Who too long filled a golden throne,  
But Ruin crushed the wretch at last !

" But if God will not hear thy prayer,  
Then woo Misfortune by some snare,  
Even as the fowler sets his gin,  
Hast here some jewel, some rare treasure,  
Thou lovest, prizest beyond measure ?  
The sea rolls yonder—hurl it in !"

Replied the Host, now seized with fear,  
" My realm hath nought I hold so dear  
As this resplendent opal ring :

If *that* may calm the Furies' wrath,  
Behold ! I cast it in their path ;"—  
And forth he flung the glittering thing.

But when the morn again was come,  
There stood without the palace-dome  
A fisher with his teeming flasket,  
Who cried, " Great King, thy days be pleasant !  
Thou wilt not scorn my humble present,  
This fish, the choicest in my basket."

And ere the mid-day meal the cook,  
With joy and wonder in his look,  
Rushed in, and fell before his Master—  
" O glorious Victor ! matchless King !  
Within the fish I found thy ring !  
Thou wast not born to know Disaster !"

Hereon uprose the Guest in dread :  
" I tarry here too long," he said ;  
" O, prosperous wretch ! my *friend* no more !  
The Gods have willed thy swift perdition !  
*I* will not bide the Avenger's mission !"  
He spake, and straightway left the shore.

**The Hostage.**

A BALLAD.

They seize in the Tyrant of Syracuse' halls

A youth with a dagger in's vest :

He is bound by the Tyrant's behest :

The Tyrant beholds him—Rage blanches his cheek :

“Why hiddest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!”—

“To pierce to the heart such as thou!”—

“Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even  
now!”—

“It is well,” spake the youth ; “I am harnessed for death ;

And I sue not thy sternness to spare ;

Yet would I be granted one prayer :—

Three days would I ask, till my sister be wed ;

As a hostage, I leave thee my friend in my stead ;

If I be found false to my truth

Nail *him* to thy cross without respite or ruth !”—

Then smiled with a dark exultation the King,

And he spake, after brief meditation—

“I grant thee three days' preparation ;

But see thou outstay not the term I allow,  
Else, by the high thrones of Olympus I vow,  
That if *thou* shalt go scathless and free,  
The best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee!"

And Pythias repairs to his friend—"I am doomed  
To atone for my daring emprise,  
By Death in its shamefullest guise ;  
But the Monarch three days ere I perish allows,  
Till I give a loved sister away to her spouse ;  
Thou, therefore, my hostage must be,  
Till I come the third day, and again set thee free."

And Damon in silence embraces his friend,  
And he gives himself up to the Despot;  
While Pythias makes use of his respite,  
And ere the third morning in Orient is burning  
Behold the Devoted already returning  
To save his friend ere it be later,  
By dying himself the vile death of a traitor !

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthwards in floods,  
Upswelling the deluging fountains ;  
Strong torrents rush down from the mountains,



And lo! as he reaches the deep river's border  
The bridgeworks give way in terrific disorder,  
And the waves, with a roaring like thunder,  
Sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under.

To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders—  
In vain he looks out through the offing—  
The fiends of the tempests are scoffing  
His outcries for aid ;—from the opposite strand  
No pinnacle puts off to convey him to land ;  
And, made mad by the stormy commotion,  
The river-waves foam like the surges of Ocean.

Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms  
To Jupiter, Strength-and-Help-giver—  
“ O, stem the fierce force of this river !  
The hours are advancing—Noon wanes—in the West  
Soon Apollo will sink—and my zeal and my best  
Aspirations and hopes will be baffled—  
And Damon, my Damon, will die on a scaffold !”

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not ;  
On, billow o'er billow comes hasting,  
Day, minute by minute, is wasting—

And, daring the worst that the Desperate dare,  
He casts himself in with a noble despair ;  
    And he buffets the tyrannous waves—  
    And Jupiter pities the struggler—and saves.

The hours will not linger : his speed is redoubled—  
    Forth, Faithfullest ! Bravest, exert thee !  
    The gods cannot surely desert thee !  
Alas ! as Hope springs in his bosom renewed,  
A band of barbarians rush out of the wood,  
    And they block up the wanderer's path,  
    And they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath.

“ What will ye ? ” he cries ; “ I have nought but my life,  
    And that must be yielded ere night :  
    Force me not to defend it by fight ! ”  
But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band,  
So he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand,  
    And he fells the first four at his feet ;  
    And the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over—low glows the red sun,  
    Making Earth and Air fainter and hotter ;  
    The knees of the fugitive totter—

“ Alas !” he cries, “ have I then breasted the flood,  
Have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood,  
But to perish from languor and pain,  
While my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain ?”

When, hark ! a cool sound, as of murmuring water !  
He hears it—it bubbles—it gushes—  
Hark ! louder and louder it rushes !  
He turns him, he searches, and lo ! a pure stream  
Ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam  
Of the sun ere he fierily sinks,  
And the wanderer bathes his hot limbs and he drinks.

The sun looks his last !—On the oft-trodden pathway  
Hies homeward the weariful reaper ;  
The shadows of evening grow deeper,  
When, pressing and hurrying anxiously on,  
Two strangers pass Pythias—and list ! he hears one  
To the other exclaiming, “ O shame on  
The wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon !”

Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet,  
And he dashes in agony onward ;  
And soon a few roofs, looking sunward,

Gleam faintly where Syracuse' suburbs extend ;  
And the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend,  
Now comes forward in tears to his master,  
Who gathers despair from that face of disaster.

“ Back, Master! Preserve thine own life at the least!  
*His*, I fear me, thou canst not redeem,  
For the last rays of Eventide beam :  
O ! though hour after hour travelled on to its goal  
He expected thy coming with confident soul,  
And though mocked by the King as forsaken,  
His trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken !”

“ Eternal Avenger, and is it too late ?”  
Cried the youth, with a passionate fervour,  
“ And dare not I be his preserver ?  
Then Death shall unite whom not Hell shall divide !  
We will die, he and I, on the rood, side by side,  
And the bloody Destroyer shall find  
That there *be* souls whom Friendship and Honor  
can bind !”

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe :  
See ! they lay the long cross on the ground !

See! the multitude gather all round!  
See! already they hurry their victim along!  
When, with giant-like strength, a man bursts through  
the throng,  
And—"Oh, stay, stay your hands!" is his cry—  
"I am come!—I am here!—I am ready to die!"

And Astonishment masters the crowd at the sight,  
While the friends in the arms of each other  
Weep tears that they struggle to smother.  
Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring  
The strange tidings at length to the ears of the King,  
And a human emotion steals o'er him,  
And he orders the friends to be summoned before  
him.

And, admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks—  
"You have conquered, O! marvellous pair,  
By a friendship as glorious as rare!  
You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast!  
Go in peace!—you are free! But accord one request  
To my earnest entreaties and wishes—  
Accept a *third* friend in your King, Dionysius."

**The Maiden's Plaint.**

The forestpines groan—  
The dim clouds are fitting—  
The Maiden is sitting  
On the green shore alone.  
The surges are broken with might, with might,  
And her sighs are poured on the desert Night,  
And tears are troubling her eye.

“ All, all is o'er :  
The heart is destroyed—  
The world is a void—  
It can yield me no more.  
Then, Master of Life, take back thy boon :  
I have tasted such bliss as is under the moon :  
I have lived—I have loved—I would die !”

Thy tears, O Forsaken !  
Are gushing in vain ;

Thy wail shall not waken  
The Buried again :  
But all that is left for the desolate bosom,  
The flower of whose Love has been blasted in blossom,  
Be granted to thee from on high !

Then pour like a river  
Thy tears without number !  
The Buried can never  
Be wept from their slumber :  
But the luxury dear to the Broken-hearted,  
When the sweet enchantment of Love hath departed,  
Be thine—the tear and the sigh !

---

**The Lament of Ceres.**

Has the beamy Spring shone out anew ?

Reassumes the Earth her primal mien ?

Yes, once more the rivulets are blue :

Yes, once more the sunny hills are green.

On the mirror-floor of Ocean's wave

Cloudlessly the face of Phœbus lies ;

Blandlier the Zephyr-pinions wave ;

Bud and plantling ope their little eyes.

Music trills from every grove and glen,

And I hear the Oread in the grot

Sing, " Thy flowers, indeed, return agen,

But thy Daughter, she returneth not !"

Ah ! how long I wander sadly over,

Desolately over Earth's bare field !

Titan ! Titan ! canst thou not discover

Where my Loved, my Vanished, lies concealed ?

None of all thy lamps, of all thy rays,

Lights the dear, dear Countenance for me ;



Even the Day, which all on earth displays,  
Nowhere shows me her I sigh to see.  
Hast thou, Jupiter, from these fond arms  
Pitilessly torn my lovely one ?  
Or has Pluto borne away her charms  
To the deathcold Flood of Acheron ?

Downwards to the blackly-rolling River  
Who will bear my messageword of woe ?  
Into Charon's bark, which floats for ever,  
None save spectral shadows dare to go.  
Hidden from each flesh-imprisoned soul  
Lies alway the nightbegirdled Shore :  
Long as Styx hath yet been known to roll,  
Shape of Life his waters never bore.  
Thousand headlong pathways hurry thither—  
Back alone to Light is no return ;  
Scarce a sigh comes faintly wafted hither,  
Whispering of her lot for whom I mourn.

Earthsprung mothers, of an earthly name,  
Doomed to die because of Pyrrha born,  
Follow joyously through Death and Flame  
Nurslings from their loving bosoms torn.

Thus doth reigning Jupiter command—

“None of Mine shall pass the Phantomportal :”

Wherefore, Parcæ, must your iron hand

Sternly spare the God and the Immortal ?

Ah ! down, down into the Night of Nights

Rather hurl me from Olympus' brow :

Why revere in me the Goddess' rights ?

Are they not the Mother's tortures now ?

Sways my child in joyless pomp beneath

On the throne, beside her sable Spouse ?

Gladly, gladly would I plunge in Death,

There to seek the Queen of Pluto's House.

Ah ! her eyes, a very Fount of Tears,

Aching for the goldbright Light in vain,

Wandering wistfully to far-off Spheres,

Fain would meet the Mother's glance again.

Never ! never ! till the Depths rejoice

In the awakened might of Pity's spell ;

Never ! never ! until Mercy's voice

Echoes through the sunken Dome of Hell.

Vain, vain wish, and idly-wasted wailing !

Ever in the one bright Track away

Phœbus calmly wheels his never-failing  
Chariot : Jupiter is Lord for aye ;  
Lord, and Lord of Happiness and Light :  
Darkness flung no shadow on his throne  
When I lost her in the dead of Night,  
When my soul was left to weep alone,  
Till above the black abysmal Well  
Young Aurora's fairy tints shall glow,  
And till Iris gilds the gloom of Hell  
By the glory of her painted Bow.

And is nought remaining by the Mother ?  
No fond pledge of reminiscence here ?  
Nought to say the Severed love each other ?  
Nought in memory from the Hand so dear ?  
Is there, then, no holy link of union  
Found between the Child and Mother more ?  
Hold the Left-in-Life no sweet communion  
With the wanderers on the Phantomshore ?  
No ! not sundered for eternal years  
Must we languish—she shall yet be mine :  
Lo ! in pity to the Mother's tears,  
Heaven accords a Symbol and a Sign.

Soon as Autumn dies, and Winter's blast  
From the North is chillily returning,  
Soon as leaf and flower their hues have cast,  
And in nakedness the trees are mourning,  
Then from out Vertumnus' lavish Horn  
Slowly, silently, the Gift I take  
Overcharged with Life—the golden Corn—  
As mine Offering to the Stygian Lake.  
Into Earth I sink the Seed with sadness,  
And it lies upon my daughter's heart;  
Thus an emblem of my grief and gladness,  
Of my love and anguish I impart.

When the handmaid Hours, in circling duty,  
Once again lead round the bowery Spring,  
Then upbounding Life and newborn Beauty  
Unto all that died the Sun shall bring.  
Lo! the germ that lay from eyes of Mortals  
Longwhile confined by the Earth's cold bosom,  
Blushes as it bursts the clayey Portals,  
With the dyes of Heaven on its blossom.  
While the stem, ascending, skywards towers,  
Bashfully the fibres shun the Light,

Thus to rear my tender ones the Powers  
Both of Heaven and Earth in love unite.

Halfway in the Land where Life rejoices,  
Halfway in the Nightworld of the tomb,  
These to me are blessed Herald-voices,  
Earthward wafted up from Orcus' gloom.  
Yea, though dungeoned in the Hell of Hells,  
Would I from the deep Abyss infernal  
Hear the silver peal whose music swells  
Gently from these blossoms, young and vernal,  
Singing that where old in rayless blindness  
Darklingly the Mournerphantoms move,  
Even *there* are bosoms filled with kindness,  
Even *there* are hearts alive with love.

O, my Flowers! that round the mead so sunny,  
Odourloaded, freshly bloom and blow,  
Here I bless you! May redundant honey  
Ever down your chalicepetals flow!  
Flowers! I'll bathe you in celestial Light,  
Blent with colours from the Rainbow borrowed;  
All your bells shall glisten with the bright  
Hues that play around Aurora's forehead!

So, whene'er the days of Springtime roll,  
When the Autumn pours her yellow treasures,  
May each bleeding heart and loving soul  
Read in you my mingled pains and pleasures !

---

### **The Unrealities.**

And dost thou faithlessly abandon me ?

Must thyameleon phantasies depart ?

Thy griefs, thy gladnesses, take wing and flee

The bower they builded in this lonely heart ?

O, Summer of Existence, golden, glowing !

Can nought avail to curb thine onward motion ?

In vain ! The river of my years is flowing,

And soon shall mingle with the eternal ocean.

Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun

That lighted up my shrivelled world of wonder ;

Those fairy bands Imagination spun

Around my heart have long been rent asunder.

Gone, gone for ever is the fine belief,

The all-too-generous trust in the Ideal :

All my Divinities have died of grief,

And left me wedded to the Rude and Real.

As clasped the enthusiastic Prince<sup>s</sup> of old

The lovely statue, stricken by its charms,

Until the marble, late so dead and cold,  
Glowed into throbbing life beneath his arms,  
So fondly round enchanting Nature's form,  
I too entwined my passionate arms, till, pressed  
In my embraces, she began to warm  
And breathe and revel in my bounding breast.

And, sympathising with my virgin bliss,  
The speechless things of Earth received a tongue ;  
They gave me back Affection's burning kiss,  
And loved the Melody my bosom sung :  
Then sparkled hues of Life on tree and flower,  
Sweet music from the silver fountain flowed ;  
All soulless images in that brief hour  
The Echo of my Life divinely glowed !

How struggled all my feelings to extend  
Themselves afar beyond their prisoning bounds !  
O ! how I longed to enter Life and blend  
Me with its words and deeds, its shapes and sounds !  
This human theatre, how fair it beamed  
While yet the curtain hung before the scene !  
Uprolled, how little then the arena seemed !  
That little how contemptible and mean !



How roamed, imparadised in blest illusion,  
With soul to which upsoaring Hope lent pinions,  
And heart as yet unchilled by Care's intrusion,  
How roamed the stripling-lord through his dominions!  
Then Fancy bore him to the palest star  
Pinnaced in the lofty æther dim:  
Was nought so elevated, nought so far,  
But thither the Enchantress guided him!

With what rich reveries his brain was rife!  
What adversary might withstand him long?  
How glanced and danced before the Car of Life  
The visions of his thought, a dazzling throng!  
For there was FORTUNE with her golden crown,  
There flitted LOVE with heartbewitching boon,  
There glittered starrydiademed RENOWN,  
And TRUTH, with radiance like the sun of noon!

But ah! ere half the journey yet was over,  
That gorgeous escort wended separate ways;  
All faithlessly forsook the pilgrim-rover,  
And one by one evanished from his gaze.  
Away inconstant-handed FORTUNE flew;  
And, while the thirst of Knowledge burned away,

The dreary mists of Doubt arose and threw  
Their shadow over TRUTH's resplendent ray.

I saw the sacred garlandcrown of FAME  
Around the common brow its glory shed :  
The rapid Summer died, the Autumn came,  
And LOVE, with all his necromancies, fled,  
And ever lonelier and silerter  
Grew the dark images of Life's poor dream,  
Till scarcely o'er the dusky scenery there  
The lamp of HOPE itself could cast a gleam.

And now, of all, Who, in my day of dolor,  
Alone survives to clasp my willing hand?  
Who stands beside me still, my best consoler,  
And lights my pathway to the Phantomstrand?  
Thou, FRIENDSHIP! stancher of our wounds and sorrows,  
From whom this lifelong pilgrimage of pain  
A balsam for its worst afflictions borrows;  
Thou whom I early sought, nor sought in vain!

And thou whose labours by her light are wrought,  
Soother and soberer of the spirit's fever,  
Who, shaping all things, ne'er destroyest aught,  
Calm OCCUPATION! thou that weariest never!

Whose efforts rear at last the mighty Mount  
Of Life, though merely grain on grain they lay,  
And, slowly toiling, from the vast Account  
Of Time strike minutes, days, and years away.

---

**To my Friends.**

Belovèd friends! More glorious times than ours  
Of old existed: men of loftier powers  
Than we can boast have flourished:—who shall doubt  
it?

A million stones dug from the depths of Earth  
Will bear this witness for the ancient worth,  
If History's chronicles be mute about it.

But, all are gone—those richly-gifted souls—  
That constellation of illustrious names:  
For Us, for Us, the current moment rolls,  
And We, We live, and have our claims.

My friends! The wanderer tells us—and we own—  
That Earth shews many a more luxuriant zone  
Than that whereunder we sedately live;  
But, if denied a paradise, our hearts  
Are still the home of science and the arts,  
And glow and gladden in the light they give;

And if beneath our skies the laurel pines,  
And winter desolates our myrtle boughs,  
The curling tendrils of our joyous vines  
Shed freshest greenness round our brows.

May burn more feverish life, more maddening pleasures,  
Where four assembled worlds exchange their treasures,

At London, in the world's Commercial Hall;  
A thousand stately vessels come and go,  
And costly sights are there, and pomp and show,  
And Gold is lord and idolgod of all !

But will the sun be mirrored in the stream  
Sullied and darkened by the flooding rains ?  
No ! On the still smooth lake alone his beam  
Is brightly imaged, and remains.

The beggar at St. Angelo's might gaze  
With scorn upon our North, for he surveys

The one, lone, only, everliving Rome—  
All shapes of beauty fascinate his eye;  
He sees a brilliant heaven below the sky  
Shine in Saint Peter's wonderwaking dome.

But, even while beaming with celestial glory,  
Rome is the grave of long-departed years ;

It is the green young plant and not the hoary  
And time-worn trunk that blooms and cheers.

Prouder achievements may perchance appear  
Elsewhere than signalise our humble sphere,  
But newer nowhere underneath the sun.  
We see in pettier outlines on our stage,  
Which miniatures the world of every age,  
The storied feats of bypassed eras done.  
All things are but redone, reshown, retold,  
Fancy alone is ever young and new :  
Man and the universe shall both grow old,  
But not the forms her pencil drew!

---

**The Maid of Orleans.**

At thee *the Mocker*<sup>s</sup> sneers in cold derision,  
Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim  
Glory for which he hath no soul or vision,  
For "God" and "Angel" are but sounds with him.  
He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,  
And scoffs at Man's Belief and Woman's Beauty.

Yet thou—a lowly shepherdess!—descended  
Not from a kingly but a godly race,  
Art crowned by Poësy! Amid the splendid  
Of Heaven's high stars she builds thy dwellingplace,  
Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,  
And swathes thy memory in eternal Story.

The Base of this weak world exult at seeing  
The Fair defaced, the Lofty in the dust;  
Yet grieve not! There are godlike hearts in being  
Which worship still the Beautiful and Just.  
Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd,  
Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.

**The Secret.**

She could not whisper one least word ;  
Too many listeners hovered nigh ;  
But, though her dear lips never stirred,  
I well could read her speechful eye :  
And now with stealthy step I come  
And seek thy shades, thou darkling grove !  
Here will I build my hermit-home,  
Here veil from prying eyes my love.

The city's voice of many tones  
Resoundeth in the sweltering Day ;  
Wheels roll, as 'twere, o'er muffled stones,  
And far-off hammers faintly bray :  
So wring the o'er-anxious Crowd with toil  
From Earth's hard breast their bitter bread,  
While blessings flow from Heaven like oil  
On each serene Believer's head !

Yet, breathe it not, what holy joy,  
What bliss in Love and Faith may be ;  
The world will mock thee, and destroy  
The inmost Life of Heaven in thee !



Not in thy words, not on thy brow,  
Should glow the soul of thy desire ;  
Deep in thy heart's recesses thou  
Must feed, unseen, the Sacred Fire.

Flee where nor Light nor Man intrudes !  
Love lives for Night and Silentness ;  
Love's dearest haunts are Solitudes  
Where sandalled feet fall echoless.  
Love's home is in the Land of Dream,  
For, there, through Truth's eternal power,  
Its life is glassed in every stream,  
And symbolized by every flower !

---

### **The Words of Reality.**

I name you Three Words which ought to resound  
In thunder from zone to zone :  
But the world understands them not—they are found  
In the depths of the heart alone.  
That man must indeed be utterly base  
In whose heart the Three Words no longer find place.

First,—**MAN IS FREE, IS CREATED FREE,**

Though born a manacled slave :—  
I abhor the abuses of Liberty—  
I hear how the populace rave,—  
But I never can dread, and I dare not disdain,  
The slave who stands up and shivers his chain !

And,—**VIRTUE IS NOT AN EMPTY NAME :—**

'Tis the paction of Man with his soul,  
That, though balked of his worthiest earthly aim  
He will still seek a heavenly goal ;  
For, that to which worldling natures are blind  
Is a pillar of light for the childlike mind.

And,—A GOD, AN IMMUTABLE WILL, EXISTS,  
However *Men* waver and yield :—  
Beyond Space, beyond Time, and their dimming mists,  
The Ancient of Days is revealed ;  
And while Time and the Universe haste to decay,  
Their unchangeable Author is Lord for aye !

Then, treasure those Words. They ought to resound  
In thunder from zone to zone ;  
But the world will not teach thee their force;—they are  
found  
In the depths of the heart alone ;  
Thou never, O Man ! canst be utterly base  
While *those* Three Words in thy heart find place !

---

### **The Words of Delusion.**

Three Words are heard with the Good and Blameless,

Three ruinous words and vain—

Their sound is hollow—their use is aimless—

They cannot console and sustain.

Man's path is a path of thorns and troubles

So long as he chases these vagrant bubbles.

So long as he hopes that *Triumph and Treasure*

*Will yet be the guerdon of Worth :—*

Both are dealt out to Baseness in lavishest measure ;

The Worthy possess not the earth—

They are exiled spirits and strangers here,

And look for their home to a purer sphere.

So long as he dreams that *On clay-made creatures*

*The noonbeams of Truth will shine :—*

No mortal may lift up the veil from her features ;

On earth we but guess and opine :

We prison her vainly in pompous words :

She is not *our* handmaid—she is the Lord's.

So long as he sighs for a Golden Era,

When *Good will be victress o'er Ill* :

The triumph of Good is an idiot's chimera ;

She never can combat—nor will :

The Foe must contend and o'ermaster, till, cloyed

By destruction, he perishes, self-destroyed.

Then, Man! through Life's labyrinths winding and  
darkened,

Take, dare to take, Faith as thy clue!

THAT WHICH EYE NEVER SAW, TO WHICH EAR NEVER  
HEARKENED,

THAT, THAT IS THE BEAUTEOUS AND TRUE!

It is not *without*—let the fool seek it there—

It is in thine own bosom and heart—the Perfect, the  
Good, and the Fair !'

### *The Course of Time.*

Time is threefold—triple—three :

First—and Midst—and Last ;

Was—and Is—and Yet-To-Be ;—

Future—Present—Past.

Lightning-swift, the Is is gone—

The Yet-To-Be crawls with a snakelike slowness on ;

Still stands the Was for aye—its goal is won.

No fierce impatience, no entreating,

Can spur or wing the tardy Tarrier ;

No strength, no skill, can rear a barrier

Between Departure and the Fleeting :

No prayers, no tears, no magic spell,


Can ever move the Immovable.

Wouldst thou, fortunate and sage,

Terminate Life's Pilgrimage ?

Wouldst thou quit this mundane stage

Better, happier, worthier, wiser ?  
Then, whate'er thine aim and end,  
*Take, O Youth ! for thine adviser,*  
*Not thy working-mate, The Slow ;*  
*Oh, make not The Vanishing thy friend,*  
*Or The Permanent thy foe !*



---

**Breadth and Depth.**

Gentry there be who don't figure in History ;

Yet they are clever, too—deucedly !—

All that is puzzling, all tissues of mystery,

They will unravel you lucidly.

Hear their oracular dicta but thrown out,

You'd fancy those Wise Men of Gotham must find the  
Philosophers' Stone out !

Yet they quit Earth without signal and voicelessly ;

All their existence was vanity.

*He* seldom speaks—*he* departs himself noiselessly

Who would enlighten Humanity :

Lone, unbeheld, he by slow but incessant

Exertion extracts for the Future the pith of the Past  
and the Present.

Look at yon tree, spreading like a pavilion ! See

How it shines, shadows, and flourishes !

Not in its leaves, though all odour and brilliancy,

Seek we the sweet fruit that nourishes.

No ! a dark prison encloses the kernel

Whence shoots with round bole and broad boughs the  
green giant whose youth looks eternal !



**Light and Warmth.**

The Noblehearted sees in Earth  
A paradise before his eyes ;  
The dreams to which his soul gives birth  
He fondly hopes to realize ;  
He dedicates his burning youth  
To glorify the majesty of Truth.

But ah ! before he gazes long,  
So mean, so paltry all appears,  
*Self* soon becomes, amid the throng,  
The loadstar of his hopes and fears,  
Enthusiastic feeling flies,  
And Love is chilled, and droops his wings, and dies.

Truth's beams are pure, but, like the moon's,  
They warm not with the light they shed :  
Where Knowledge is, her brightest boons  
Illumine less the heart than head.  
Blest, therefore, they who best ally  
The Visionary's hope and Worldling's eye !

**The Game of Life.**

Who's for my box ? Who'll have a peep at  
The Game of Life, the World in Miniature ?  
Come, youths and maidens ! come, look in at your  
Ease ! Nought's to pay—a price 'tis cheap at.  
Don't come too near, though, for you know you  
Would only spoil my necromancy ;  
You can't see anything I show you  
Save by the light of Hope and Fancy.

Look in ! The matron rocks the sleeping Baby ;  
The Boy bounds o'er the stage, skipping and shouting ;  
Then rushes in the Youth, as wild as may be ;  
The Man walks to and fro, half hoping and half  
doubting.

Every one buckles to his business now,  
Or sacrifices to his ruling passion,  
According to his fortune or his fashion :  
See how the smiling Courtier makes his bow !  
And listen to the Trifler's tittle-tattle !

The stout-limbed Labourer trundles his wheel-barrow ;  
The Husbandman prepares his plough and harrow ;  
The General and his troops march forth to battle ;  
The Sickling and the Timid stop at home ;  
The Rich Man purchases a costly dome ;  
The Proud Man falls, and Laughter mocks his fall ;  
The Crafty Man makes cat's-paws of them all !

Apart you see the Virgin and the Wife,  
The one preparing wreaths, the other dinners,  
For all who at this bustling Game of Life  
May come off winners.

---

**Hecla: A Voice from the World of Spirits.**

“ Where I am, and Whitherward I fled,  
When my spirit was from Earth removed ?”  
Wherefore ask me ? Is not all completed ?  
I have lived, lived long, for I have loved !

Tell me where the nightingale reposes  
Which with soulful music fugitive  
Charmed thy dolour in the Days of Roses !  
When *she* ceased to love she ceased to live.

“ Have I found anew the dear Departed ?”  
O, believe me, I am blent with him,  
There, where Peace unites the Faithfulhearted,  
Where no sorrow makes the bright eye dim.

There thou too, if meek in mind and lowly,  
Mayest behold us when thy Night is o'er,  
There embrace our father,<sup>6</sup> healed and holy,  
Whom the bloody steel can reach no more.

There he sees how truthful were the feelings

Born of gazing on yon starry sphere:\*

Blest are they who cherish such revealings!

Unto them the Holy One is near,

Far above the sapphire spaces yonder

Souls achieve what Men in vain essay—

Therefore venture thou to dream and wander—

Mysteries often lurk in childish play.

---

**Hope.**

The Future is Man's immemorial hymn :

In vain runs the Present a-wasting;  
To a golden goal in the distance dim  
In life, in death, he is hasting.  
The world grows, old, and young, and old,  
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the Boy from the hour of his birth ;—

To the Youth it gives bliss without limit ;  
It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,  
And the darkness of Death cannot dim it.  
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,  
When the Pilgrim of Life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,

Never call it the dream of a rhymers ;  
The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud—

**WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUBLIMER.**

This truth, which the Witness within reveals,  
The purest worshipper deepest feels.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

**The Golden Apple.<sup>10</sup>**

With a wondrous host, serene and bold,

I tarried as a boarder lately ;

His sign was an Apple of the brilliantest gold,

At the which men marvelled greatly.

It was under the boughs of the goodly Apple-tree,

Which from time immemorial has flourished,

That I gathered yellow honey like the blithe summer-  
bee,

And was tenderly warmed and nourished.

Through the day, my hours, however they might pass,

Ever flitted, like butterflies, lightly ;

And I slept upon soft luxuriant grass

In a roomy summer-house nightly.

There came to the bowery Elysium of mine host  
So many a wildwood ranger !  
And he laughed as they banquetted by millions at his  
cost,  
For he never saw the face of a stranger.

After months I asked him how much was to pay,  
But he said he was no attorney ;  
All benisons be therefore on his head I pray,  
While the green Earth goes her journey !

---

### *The Love-adieu.*

Fare thee well, fare thee well, my dove !  
Thou and I must sever ;  
One fond kiss, one fond kiss of love,  
Ere we part for ever !

And one rose, one red rose, Marie,  
Choose me from the bowers ;  
But no fruit, oh ! no fruit for me,  
Nought but fragile flowers.



**Ichabod ! the glory has departed.**

I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,  
 Where moon is none and no stars lend light,  
     And rueful winds are blowing ;  
 Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,  
 With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,  
     And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall ;  
 The deathstricken leaves around me fall ;  
     And the night-blast wails its dolors ;  
 How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed  
 When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed  
     Was radiant with Hope's own colors !

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,  
 And the once bright roses are dead and wan,  
     And my love in her low grave moulders,  
 And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,  
 With never a star to bless me with light,  
     And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

**Spirits Everywhere.**

A many a summer is dead and buried  
Since over this flood I last was ferried ;  
And then, as now, the Noon lay bright  
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest  
Two companions the best and dearest !  
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,  
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by Care and Illness,  
Sought the grave of the Just in stillness ;  
The other's shroud was the bloody rain  
And thunder-smoke of the battle-plain.

Yet still, when Memory's necromancy  
Robes the Past in the hues of Fancy,  
Medreameth I hear and see the Twain  
With talk and smiles at my side again !

Even the grave is a bond of union ;  
 Spirit and spirit best hold communion !  
 Seen through Faith, by the Inward Eye,  
 It is *after* Life they are truly nigh !

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee,  
 Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee ;  
 For, though thou seest them not, there stand  
 Anear me Two from the Phantomland !

---

### Spring Roses.

Green-leafy Whitsuntide was come,  
To gladden many a Christian home :—  
Spake then King Engelbert,—“ A fitter  
Time than this we scarce shall see  
For tournament and revelrie:  
Ho ! to horse, each valiant Ritter !”

Gay banners wave above the walls,—  
The herald's trumpet loudly calls,  
And beauteous eyes rain radiant glances !  
And of all the knights can none  
Match the Monarch's gallant son,  
In the headlong shock of lances !

Till, at the close, a Stranger came,—  
Japan-black iron cased his frame ;

In his air was somewhat kingly .

Well I guess, that stalwart knight

Yet will overcome in fight

All the hosts of Europe singly.

As he flings his gage to earth

You hear no more the sound of mirth,—

All shrink back, as dreading danger :

The Prince alone defies the worst—

Alas ! in vain ! He falls, unhorsed .

Sole victor bides the Sable Stranger !

Boots now no longer steed or lance .

“Light up the hall!—a dance!—a dance!”

Anon a dazzling throng assembles ;

And then and there that Dark Unscanned

Asks the Royal Maiden's hand,

Whilk she gives, albeit it trembles.

And as they dance—the Dark and Fair——

In the Maiden's breast and hair

Every golden clasp uncloses,

And, to and fro—that way and this—

Drops dimmed each pearl and amethyss—  
Drop dead the shrivelled yellow roses.

But who makes merriest at the feast?  
Not he who furnished it at least !  
Sad is he for son and daughter !  
Fears that reason cannot bind  
Chase each other through his mind,  
Swift and dark as midnight water !

So pale both youth and maiden were !  
Whereon the Guest, affecting care,  
Spake, " Blushful wine will mend your colour."  
Filled he then a beaker up,  
And they—they drank; but oh ! that cup  
Proved in sooth a draught of dolour !

Their eyelids droop, and neither speaks;  
They kiss their father ; and their cheeks,  
Pale before, wax white and shrunken :  
Momently their death draws nigher,  
He, the while, their wretched sire,  
Gazing on them, terror-drunken !

“Spare these ! Take *me !*” he shrieked, and pressed  
The stone-cold corpses to his breast ;  
When, to that heart-smitten father  
Spoke the Guest, with iron voice,  
“ Autumn-spoils are not my choice ;  
Roses in the Spring I gather !”

---

### **The Jeweller's Daughter.**

The Jeweller's Daughter sat in her father's booth—  
Gems, gold, and diamonds dazzled around :  
“But the richest treasure I ever found,”  
He lovingly whispered in her ear,  
“O, Helen, was and is, in sooth,  
Thyself, my daughter dear !”

Thereon stepped into the Jeweller's booth a Knight,  
A Knight of stately apparel and air—  
“I greet thee, maiden young and fair !  
I greet thee, Jeweller, courteouslie !  
And make me a coronal rich and bright  
For my bride that is to be.”

Eftsoons, I ween, the glittering pearls were strung—  
Was never beheld a brillianter show !  
Poor Helen ! she saw it, and sighed as though  
Her youth and beauty had lost their charm ;  
Alas, poor Helen ! she sighed as she hung  
The ornament on her arm.



Ah ! blest is the bride—supremely blest !” she said,

“ Who, bright as a star, in the nuptial hall,

Shall wear this beautiful coronall !

Ah ! would the Ritter but offer to me

A chaplet only of roses red,

How joyful I should be !”

Ere long came into the booth again the Knight—

“ Thanks, worthy friend !—thy pearls outshine

The sparkling droplets of the mine :

Now make me, Jeweller, speedilie,

A ring, ingemmed with a chrysolite,

For my bride that is to be !”

Eftsoons was ready that gay gold ring, I ween,

And mildly shimmered its paler stone.

Alas, poor Helen ! Left all alone,

She sighed anew as she tried the ring

On her own fair finger, where its sheen

In truth was a beauteous thing !

Ah ! blest, she thought, how blest as a happy bride,

How doubly blest as a happy wife,

Is she who shall wear this ring for life !

Ah ! would the Ritter but give to me

A lock of his hair and nought beside,  
How joyful I should be !

Ere long the Knight appeared in the booth once more—  
“ O, Jeweller ! words are poor to praise  
The taste and finish thy work displays ;  
A ring and a chaplet bright as these  
Might lie on the loftiest shrine before  
Which Love ever bent his knees !

“ But as I would fain behold them dazzle and glow  
From Beauty's finger and Beauty's brow,  
Come hither, enchanting damsel, thou !  
And let me try them first on thee ;  
So will they become my bride, I trow,  
For thou art fair as she !

Now this, it chanced, was all on a Sunday morn ;  
And Helen, to meetly honour the day,  
Had dressed herself in the prettiest way,  
In the holiday garb of the burgher class,  
The silken suit she had always worn,  
When going, as now, to Mass.

There, then, she stands in that graceful silken dress,  
Deep blushes dyeing her face and neck :  
Meanwhile, the Ritter proceeds to deck  
With the wreath of pearls her flowing hair,  
And draws, unheeding her bashfulness,  
The ring on her finger fair.

Then, taking her hand in his he tenderly said,  
“ Helena dear, Helena sweet,  
Forgive, I pray, this little deceit ;  
My heart has ever been thine alone,  
And thou art the bride I hope to wed,  
And the wreath and ring are thine own !

“ ‘Mid gold and gems, and all that’s precious and rare,  
The opal’s hues and the ruby’s blaze,  
Thy lot has been cast from Childhood’s days—  
To thee be this a symbol and sign  
That thou wert born to shine elsewhere—  
Wert born to charm and shine !”

**The Castle over the Sea.**

“Sawest thou the castle that beetles over  
The wine-dark sea?  
The rosy sunset clouds do hover  
Above it so goldenly!

“It hath a leaning as though it would bend to  
The waves below;  
It hath a longing as though to ascend to  
The skies in their gorgeous glow.”—

“—Well saw I the castle that beetles over  
The wine-dark sea;  
And a pall of watery clouds did cover  
Its battlements gloomsomely.”—

“—The winds and the moonlit waves were singing  
A choral song?  
And the brilliant castle-hall was ringing  
With melody all night long?”—

“—The winds and the moonless waves were sleeping  
In stillness all;  
But many voices of woe and weeping  
Rose out from the castle-hall.”—

“And sawest thou not step forth so lightly  
The King and the Queen,  
Their festal dresses bespangled brightly,  
Their crowns of a dazzling sheen?

“And by their side a resplendent vision,  
A virgin fair,  
The glorious child of some clime elysian,  
With starry gems in her hair?”—

“—Well saw I the twain by the wine-dark water  
Walk slower and slower;  
They were clad in weeds, and their virgin daughter  
Was found at their side no more!”

**Durand of Blonden.**

Tow'rds the lofty walls of Balbi, lo ! Durand of Blonden hies :

Thousand songs are in his bosom ; Love and Pleasure  
light his eyes.

There, he dreams, his own true maiden, beauteous as the  
evening-star,

Leaning o'er her turret-lattice, waits to hear her knight's  
guitar.

In the lindenshaded courtyard soon Durand begins his  
lay,

But his eyes glance vainly upwards ; there they meet no  
answering ray.

Flowers are blooming in the lattice, rich of odour, fair to  
see,

But the fairest flower of any, Lady Blanca, where is  
she ?

Ah! while yet he chants the ditty draws a mourner near,  
and speaks—

“She is dead, is dead for ever, whom Durand of Blonden  
seeks!”

And the knight replies not, breathes not: darkness ga-  
thers round his brain:

He is dead, is dead for ever, and the mourners weep the  
twain.

In the darkened castle-chapel burn a many tapers bright:  
There the lifeless maiden lies, with whitest wreaths and  
ribands dight.

There . . . But lo! a mighty marvel! She hath oped  
her eyes of blue!

All are lost in joy and wonder! Lady Blanca lives anew!

Dreams and visions flit before her, as she asks of those  
anear,

“Heard I not my lover singing?—Is Durand of Blonden  
here?”

Yes, O Lady, thou hast heard him; he has died for thy  
dear sake!

He could wake his tranced mistress: him shall none for  
ever wake!

He is in a realm of glory, but as yet he weets not where ;  
He but seeks the Lady Blanca : dwells she not already  
there ?

Till he finds her must he wander to and fro, as one  
bereaven,

Ever calling, " Blanca ! Blanca !" through the desert  
halls of Heaven.



**Forward !**

Forward ! Onward !—far and forth !  
An earthquake shout awakes the North  
Forward !

Prussia hears that shout so proud,  
She hears, and echoes it aloud,  
Forward !

Ancient Austria ! Nurse of Mind !  
Sublime land, lag not thou behind !  
Forward !

Warriors of the Saxon land,  
Arouse ! arise !—press hand in hand  
Forward !

Swabia ! Brunswick ! Pomeraine !—  
Wild Yagers from the Meuse and Main !  
Forward !

Holland !—thou hast heard the word,  
Up ! Thou too hast a soul and sword !  
Forward !

Switzerland—thou Ever-free !  
Lorraine, Alsatia, Burgundy !  
Forward !

Albion! Spain! A common cause  
Is yours—your liberties and laws !  
Forward !

Onward! Forward!—each and all !  
Hark, hark to Freedom's thundercall !  
Forward !

Forward ! Onward !—far and forth !  
And prove what gallant hearts are worth !  
Forward !

LUDWIG TIEK.

---

**Life is the Desert and the solitude.**

Whence this fever ?  
Whence this burning  
Love and Longing ?  
Ah ! for ever,  
Ever turning,  
Ever thronging  
Tow'rds the Distance,  
Roams each fonder  
Yearning yonder,  
There, where wander

Golden stars in blest existence !

Thence what fragrant  
Airs are blowing !

What rich vagrant  
Music flowing !  
Angel-voices,  
Tones wherein the  
Heart rejoices,  
Call from thence from Earth to win thee !

How yearns and burns for evermore  
My heart for thee, thou blessed shore !  
And shall I never see thy fairy  
Bowers and palace-gardens near ?  
Will no enchanted skiff so airy,  
Sail from thee to seek me here ?  
O ! undeveloped Land,  
Whereto I fain would flee,  
What mighty hand shall break each band  
That keeps my soul from thee ?  
In vain I pine and sigh  
To trace thy dells and streams :  
They gleam but by the spectral sky  
That lights my shifting dreams.  
Ah ! what fair form, flitting through yon green glades,  
Dazes mine eye ? Spirit, oh ! rive my chain !

Woe is my soul ! Swiftly the vision fades,  
And I start up—waking—to weep in vain !

Hence this fever ;  
Hence this burning  
Love and Longing :  
Hence for ever,  
Ever turning,  
Ever thronging  
Tow'rds the Distance,  
Roams each fonder  
Yearning yonder,  
There, where wander  
Golden stars in blest existence !

**Man must be a Belshazzar, where Love is the  
Deceitful.**

A little bird flew through the dell,  
And where the failing sunbeams fell  
He warbled thus his wondrous lay,  
“ Adieu ! adieu ! I go away :  
Far, far,  
Must I voyage ere the twilight star !”

It pierced me through, the song he sang,  
With many a sweet and bitter pang :  
For wounding joy, delicious pain,  
My bosom swelled and sank again.  
Heart ! heart !  
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art ?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,  
I said “ Already Autumn grieves !  
To sunnier skies the swallow hies :  
So Love departs and Longing flies,  
Far, far,  
Where the Radiant and the Beauteous are.”

But soon the sun shone out anew,  
And back the little flutterer flew :  
He saw my grief, he saw my tears,  
And sang, " Love knows no Winter years !  
No! no !  
While it lives its breath is Summer's glow! "

---

**Pleasure.**

Oh cherish Pleasure !

To him alone

'Tis given to measure

Time's jewelled zone.

As over meadows

Cloud-masses throng,

So sweep the Shadows

Of Earth along.

The years are hasting

To swift decay ;

Life's lamp is wasting

By day and day.

Yet cherish Pleasure !

To him alone

'Tis given to measure

Time's jewelled zone.



For him the hours are  
 Enamelled years ;  
 His laughing flowers are  
 Undulled by tears.

With him the starry  
 And regal wine  
 Best loves to tarry  
 Where sun-rays shine.

And when Night closes  
 Around his sky,  
 In graves of roses  
 His Buried lie.

Then cherish Pleasure !  
 To him alone  
 'Tis given to measure  
 Time's jewelled zone.

**Light and Shade.**

The gayest lot beneath  
By Grief is shaded :  
Pale Evening sees the wreath  
Of Morning faded.

Pain slays or Pleasure cloy ;  
All mortal morrows  
But waken hollow joys  
Or lasting sorrows.

Hope yesternoon was bright—  
Earth beamed with beauty ;  
But soon came conquering Night  
And claimed his booty.

Life's billows, as they roll,  
Would fain look sunward ;  
But ever must the soul  
Drift darkly onward.

The sun forsakes the sky,  
Sad stars are sovereigns,  
Long shadows mount on high  
And Darkness governs.

So Love deserts his throne,  
Weary of reigning !  
Ah ! would he but rule on  
Young and unwaning !

Pain slays, or Pleasure cloy,  
And all our morrows  
But waken hollow joys  
Or lasting sorrows.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

---

**The Four Fdrot Brothers.**

Dried, as 'twere, to skeleton chips,  
In the Madhouse found I Four :  
From their white and shrivelled lips  
Cometh language never more.  
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother  
Gazes vacant on the other ;

Till the midnight hour be come ;  
Bristles then erect their hair,  
And the lips all day so dumb  
Utter slowly to the air,  
“ *Dies iræ, dies illa,*  
*Solvat seclum in favilla.*”

Four bold brothers once were these,  
Riotous and reprobate,  
Whose rakehellish revelries  
Terrified the more sedate.  
Ghostly guide and good adviser  
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire—  
“Hear your father from his tomb!  
Rouse not God’s eternal ire;  
Ponder well the Day of Doom,  
*‘Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat seclum in favilla.’*”

So spake he, and died: the Four  
All unmoved beheld him die.  
Happy he!—his labours o’er,  
He was ta’en to bliss on high,  
While his sons, like very devils  
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess  
Atheism and Vice could dare;

Ironhearted, feelingless,

Not a hair of theirs grew greyer.

"Live," they cried, "while life enables !

God and devil alike are fables !"

Once at midnight as the Four

Riotously reeled along,

From an open temple-door

Streamed a flood of holy song.

"Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises !"

Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim

Goes the unhallowed greeting, while

Still the singers chant their hymn.

Hark ! it echoes down the aisle—

"*Dies iræ, dies illa,*

*Solvat seculum in favilla.*"

On the instant stricken as

By the wrath of God they stand,

Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,

Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,

Blanched their hair and wan their features,

Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures !

And now, dried to skeleton chips,  
In the Mad-cell sit the Four,  
Moveless :—from their blasted lips  
Cometh language never more.  
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother  
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;  
Bristles then erect their hair,  
And their lips, all day so dumb,  
Utter slowly to the air,  
“ *Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat seclum in favilla.*”

**The Faithful Steed.**

Graf Turneck, after a toilsome ride  
By night, in a chapel desired to bide.

The chapel stood in a greenwood deep :  
In this, thought the Graf, may I safely sleep.

There lay in the vault of the chapel narrow  
A king who had died of a poisoned arrow.

The Graf he sprang from his horse on the plain,  
And he said, "Graze here till I come again."

The portal oped with a gnarring sound;  
Deep stillness reigned in the vault around.

The Graf in a niche of the aged wall  
Discovered a coffin and crumbling pall.

"Here by the Dead may the Living be borne;  
I rest on this coffin till dawn of morn."



The Graf lay down, a stranger to fear,  
On the mouldering planks of the royal bier.

The sun came over the mountains red ;  
The Graf came never—the Graf was dead.

Three hundred years have rolled and more,  
And the steed still tarries before the door.

The chapel is hasting to swift decay,  
But the steed grazes yet in the moon's blue ray.

---

**The Garden that fades not.**

“ Where dost thou idly wander ?

What doest thou moping yonder ?

Leave those bald peaks and join thy friends below !

Thy garden-bowers look chilly :

Rose, hyacinth, nor lily,

Can bud where mists are thick and bleak winds blow.

“ The valley-gardens flourish :

Rich rains and sunbeams nourish

The laughing children of the meads and dells.

Each bud outblossoms the other ;

And sister-flower and brother

Tinkle in Zephyr's ear their sweetest bells.

“ But on the mountains wither

All flowers thou takest thither :

Lifeless they lie, and will revive no more.

Doth not their fate dismay thee ?

Come down, come down, I pray thee,

And leave the wreck thou vainly mournest o'er !”

The gardener heard, unheeding,  
The valley-tenant pleading ;  
Spell-fettered, as in some dim dream he stood,  
Until the gold and dun light  
Which tracks the waning sunlight  
Shed o'er the floor of Heaven its gorgeous flood.

And, as the shades descended,  
And Day and Dusk were blended,  
And Fancy shaped wild wonders in the sky,  
And each cloud-woven streamer  
Floated aloft, the dreamer  
Gazed on the firmament with tranced eye.

" *There*, earth-enamoured stranger,"  
He cried, "thy mountain-ranger  
*His* garden only glories to behold !  
Appear these bowers so chilly ?  
Can hyacinth nor lily  
Spring up in yon full fields of blue and gold ?

" These be the bowers my spirit  
Shall one bright day inherit ;

There stands for me an undecaying dome.  
Seest not its pillars gleaming?  
Seest not its pennons streaming?  
Go, grovel in thy vale! I know my home!"

---

### **The Midnight Bell.**

Hark! through the midnight lonely

How tolls the convent-bell!

But ah! no summer-breeze awakes the sound;

The beating of the heavy hammer only

Is author of the melancholy knell

That startles the dull ear for miles around.

How such a bell resembles

The drooping poet's heart!

Thereon must Misery's hammer drearily jar,

Ere the deep melody that shrinks and trembles

Within its dædal chambers can impart

Its tale unto the listless world afar.

And, woe is me! too often

Hath such a bell alone,

At such an hour, with such disastrous tongue,

Power to disarm the heart's despair, and soften

Its chords to music; even as now its tone

Inspires me with the lay I thus have sung.

**The Wanderer's Chant.**

May sparkle for others

Henceforward this wine !

Adieu, beloved brothers

And sisters of mine,

My boyhood's green valleys,

My fathers' grey halls !

Where Liberty rallies

My destiny calls.

The sun never stands,

Never slackens his motion ;

He travels all lands

Till he sinks in the ocean ;

The stars cannot rest ;

The wild winds have no pillow,

And the shore from its breast

Ever flings the blue billow.

So Man in the harness

Of Fortune must roam,

And far in the Farness  
Look out for his home,  
Unresting and errant,  
West, East, South, and North,  
The liker his parent,  
The weariless Earth!

Though he hears not the words of  
The language he loves,  
He kens the blithe birds of  
His Fatherland's groves :  
Old voices are singing  
From river and rill,  
And flowrets are springing  
To welcome him still.

And Beauty's dear tresses  
Are lovely to view,  
And Friendship still blesses  
The soul of the True :  
And Love, too, so garlands  
The wanderer's dome  
That the farthest of far lands  
To him is a home.

**The Poet's Consolation.**

What, though no maiden's tears ever be shed  
O'er my clay bed,  
Yet will the generous Night never refuse  
To weep its dew.

And though no friendly hand garland the cross  
Above my moss,  
Still will the dear, dear moon tenderly shine  
Down on that sign.

And if the saunterer-by songlessly pass  
Through the long grass,  
There will the noontide bee pleasantly hum,  
And warm winds come.

Yes—you at least, ye dells, meadows, and streams,  
Stars and moon-beams,  
Will think on him whose weak meritless lays  
Teemed with your praise.



**Home-sickness.**

There calleth me ever a marvellous Horn,

“Come away! Come away!”

Is it earthly music faring astray,

Or is it air-born?

Oh, whether it be a spirit-wile

Or a forest voice,

It biddeth mine ailing heart rejoice,

Yet sorrow the while!

In the greenwood glades—o'er the garlanded bowl—

Night, Noontide, and Morn,

The summoning call of that marvellous Horn

Tones home to my soul!

In vain have I sought for it east and west,

But I darkly feel

That so soon as its music shall cease to peal

I go to my rest!

**To the Ghost-seeress of Prebors, as she lay  
on her Death-bed.**

Yet lingerest thou!—but I have ceased repining;  
Through thy long nights I see God's brightness shining;  
For, though our Sceneworld vanish from thy sight,  
Within thee radiates more than starry light!

To thee have been revealed—bared for thy seeing—  
The INNER LIFE,—the Mystery of Being—  
Heaven, Hades, Hell,—the eternal How and Where—  
The glory of the Dead—and their despair!

Tears darkened long thy bodily vision nightly,  
Yet then, even then, the Interior Eye saw brightly,  
Saw, too, how Truth itself spake by His voice  
Who bade men weep, that so they might rejoice!

Well hast thou borne thy Cross, like Him, thy Master,  
Though griefs, like snares, waylaid thee fast and faster  
While that hard-minded world which knew thee not  
Found only food for mockery in thy lot!

And now, rejoice, thou Faithfullest and meekest !  
It lies in sight, the Quiet Home thou seekest ;  
And gently wilt thou pass to it, for thou  
Art all but disembodied even now !

---

**To thy Ghost-seeress of Preborst, after her  
Decease.**

Farewell !—the All I owe to thee  
This breast enshrined shall ever keep :  
Mine inner sense awakes to see  
The Ghostworld's clear and wondrous Deep.

Where'er thy home—in Light or Shade—  
A spirit still thou wert and art :  
Oh ! if my faith shall fail or fade,  
Send thou a sign to cheer my heart !

And, since thou soon shalt share the power  
Of purer spirits, blessèd, bright,  
Sustain me in that fateful hour  
When Death shall rob mine eyes of light !

Above thy grave-mound blooms and blows  
Of all dear flowers the dearest one,  
Mute witness of the SAVIOUR'S woes,  
Thine own beloved Hypericon."

And that lone flower, blood-hued at heart,  
And gold without, from every leaf  
Shall nightly to my soul impart  
The memory of thy faith and grief.

Farewell!—the world may mock, may rave;  
Me little move its words or ways;  
Men's idle scorn *he* well can brave  
Who never wooed their idler praise.

**The Lober's Farewell.**

Slowly through the tomb-still streets I go:—

Morn is dark, save one swart streak of gold—

Sullen tolls the far-off river's flow,

And the moon is very thin and cold.

Long and long before the house I stand

Where sleeps she, the dear, dear one I love—

All undreaming that I leave my land,

Mute and mourning, like the moon above!

Wishfully I stretch abroad mine arms

Towards the well-remembered casement-cell—

Fare thee well! Farewell thy virgin charms!

And thou stilly, stilly house farewell!

And farewell the dear dusk little room,

Redolent of roses as a dell,

And the lattice that relieved its gloom—

And its pictured lilac walls farewell!

Forth upon my path ! I must not wait—  
Bitter blows the fretful morning wind :  
Warden, wilt thou softly close the gate  
When thou knowest I leave my heart behind ?

---

**To Ludwig Uhland,**

ON THE LAST VOLUME OF HIS POEMS.

As a headlong stream that Winter had bound,  
When Spring reshowers her beams on the plains  
Breaks loose with a fierce impatient sound  
From its icy chains :

As a tree, despoiled by the axe of the North  
Of its leaves of green and fruits of gold,  
New leaves, new fruits, afresh puts forth,  
As bright as the old :

As riotous wine, whose fiery strength  
By the walls of the flask was prisoned long,  
Outgushes in purple pride at length,  
A bubbling song !

As the pealing of some vast organ floats  
On the air to the ear of him who has heard  
In many long days but the piping notes  
Of the coppice-bird :

So rushes, O Uhland !—so streams and rolls  
The flood of thy song—a flood of fire !  
So thrills through the depths of all hearts and souls  
The might of thy lyre !

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## GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BUERGER.

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**Leonore.**

## A BALLAD.

Upstarting with the dawning red,  
Rose Leonore from dreams of ill.  
“ Oh, Wilhelm ! art thou false, or dead ?  
How long, how long, wilt loiter still ? ” —  
The youth had gone to Prague to yield  
King Frederick aid in battle-field,  
Nor word nor friend had come to tell  
If he were still alive and well.

War's trumpet blew its dying blast,  
And o'er the empress and the king  
Long-wished, long looked-for Peace at last  
Came hovering upon angel-wing.



And all the hosts, with glittering sheen,  
And kettledrum and tambourine,  
And decked with garlands green and gay,  
Marched, merrily, for home away.

And on the highways, paths, and byways,  
Came clustering, mustering, crowds and groupes  
Of old and young, from far and nigh-ways,  
And met with smiles the noble troops.  
“Thank God!” the son and mother cried—  
And “Welcome!” many a joyous bride :  
But none throughout that happy meeting  
Hailed Leonore with kiss or greeting.

She wandered hither, hurried thither ;  
She called aloud upon her Lost,  
But none knew aught of him she sought,  
Of all that far-extending host.  
When all was vain, for sheer despair  
She madly tore her night-black hair,  
And dashed herself against the stones,  
And raved and wept with bitter groans.

Then came her mother hurriedly—

“ Oh, God of Mercy !—what alarms  
My darling child ? What troubles thee ?”—

And locked her fondly in her arms.

“ Oh, mother, mother ! dead is dead !  
My days are sped, my hopes are fled :  
Heaven has no pity on me—none—  
Oh, woe is me ! oh, wretched one ! ”

“ Alas ! alas ! Child, place thy trust

In God, and raise thy heart above :  
What God ordains is right and just,

He is a God of tender love.”—

Oh ! mother, mother ! false and vain,  
For God has wrought me only pain !  
I will not pray—my plaint and prayer  
Are wasted on the idle air ! ”

“ No, no, my child !—not so—the Lord

Is good—He heals His children's grief ;  
The Holy Eucharist will afford  
The anguish of thy soul relief.”—

“Hush, mother, mother! What I feel  
 No Eucharist can ever heal—  
 No Eucharist can ever give  
 The shrouded Dead again to live.”

“Ah, child, perchance thy lover now—  
 A traitor to his love and thee—  
 Before the altar plights his vow  
 To some fair girl of Hungary:  
 Yet weep not this perfidious wrong,  
 For he will rue it late and long,  
 And when his soul and body part  
 His faithlessness will burn his heart.”

“Oh, mother, mother! gone is gone,  
 And lorn for once is ever lorn!  
 The grave is now my hope alone:  
 Would God that I had ne'er been born!  
 Out, out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!  
 Down, down in night and charnel vapour!  
 In Heaven there is no pity—none—  
 Oh, woe is me! oh, wretched one!”

“ Oh, God of mercy, enter not  
In judgment with thy suffering child !  
Condemn her not—she knows not what  
She raves in this delirium wild.  
My child, forget thy tears and sighs,  
And look to God and Paradise :  
A holier bridegroom shalt thou see,  
And He will sweetly comfort thee.”

“ Oh, mother, what is Paradise ?  
Oh, mother, what and where is Hell ?  
In Wilhelm lies my Paradise—  
Where he is not my life is Hell !  
Then out, sick light ! Out, flickering taper !  
Down, down in blackest night and vapour !  
In heaven, on earth I will not share  
Delight if Wilhelm be not there !”

And thus, as reigned and raged despair  
Throughout her brain, through every vein,  
Did this presumptuous maiden dare  
To tax with ill God's righteous will,

And wrang her hands and beat her breast  
Till sank the sunlight in the west,  
And under heaven's ethereal arch  
The silver stars began their march.

When, list ! a sound !—hark ! *hoff, hoff, hoff !*

It nears, she hears a courser's tramp—  
And swiftly bounds a rider off

Before the gate with clattering stamp ;  
And hark, the bell goes *ring, ding, ding !*  
And hark again ! *cling, ling, ling, ling !*  
And through the portal and the hall  
There peals a voice with hollow call :

“ What, ho ! Up, up, sweet love inside !

Dost watch for me, or art thou sleeping ?  
Art false, or still my faithful bride ?

And smilest thou, or art thou weeping ?”—  
“ What ! Wilhelm ! thou ? and come thus late !  
Oh ! Night has seen me weep and wait  
And suffer so ! But oh ! I fear—  
Why this wild haste in riding here ?”

“I left Bohemia late at night :

We journey but at midnight, we !

My time was brief, and fleet my flight.

Up, up! thou must away with me!”—

“Ah, Wilhelm! come inside the house ;

The wind moans through the firtree boughs ;

Come in, my heart's beloved ! and rest

And warm thee in this faithful breast.”

“The boughs may wave, the wind may rave ;

Let rave the blast and wave the fir !

Though winds may rave and boughs may wave

My sable steed expects the spur.

Up! gird thyself, and spring with speed

Behind me on my sable steed !

A hundred leagues must yet be sped

Before we reach the bridal bed.”

“Oh, Wilhelm! at so drear an hour,

A hundred leagues away from bed !

Hark! hark! ‘Eleven’ from the tower

Is tolling far with tone of dread!”—

“Look round! look up! The moon is bright.  
The Dead and We are fleet of flight:  
Doubt not I'll bear thee hence away  
To home before the break of day.”

“And where is then the nuptial hall?  
And where the chamber of the bride?”  
“Far, far from hence! Chill, still, and small,  
But six feet long by two feet wide!”  
“Hast room for me?” “For me and thee!  
Quick! robe thyself and come with me.  
The wedding guests await the bride;  
The chamber-door stands open wide.”

Soon up, soon clad, with lightest bound  
On that black steed the maiden sprung,  
And round her love, and warmly round,  
Her snow-white arms she swung and flung;  
And deftly, swiftly, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*  
Away went horse and riders off;  
Till panted horse and riders too,  
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew!

On left and right, with whirling flight,  
How rock and forest reeled and wheeled !  
How danced each height before their sight !  
What thunder-tones the bridges pealed !  
“Dost fear? The moon is fair to see ;  
Hurrah ! the Dead ride rapidly !  
Beloved ! dost dread the shrouded Dead ?”  
“Ah, no ! but let them rest,” she said

But see ! what throng, with song and gong  
Moves by, as croaks the raven hoarse !  
Hark ! funeral song ! Hark ! knelling dong !  
They sing, “Let’s here inter the corse !”  
And nearer draws that mourning throng,  
And bearing hearse and bier along.  
With hollow hymn outgurgled like  
Low reptile groanings from a dyke.

“Entomb your dead when midnight wanes,  
With knell, and bell, and funeral wail !  
Now homewards to her dim domains  
I bear my bride—so, comrades, hail !



Come, Sexton, with the choral throng,  
And jabber me the bridal song.  
Come, Priest, the marriage must be bless'd  
Before the wedded pair can rest!"

Some spell is in the horseman's call,  
The hymn is hushed, the hearse is gone,  
And in his wake the buriers all,  
Tramp, tramp, come clattering, pattering on;  
And onward, forward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*  
Away swept all in gallop off,  
Till panted steeds and riders too,  
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew.

On left and right, with flight of light,  
How whirled the hills, the trees, the bowers!  
With lightlike flight, on left and right,  
How spun the hamlets, towns, and towers!  
"Dost quail? The moon is fair to see;  
Hurrah! the Dead ride recklessly!  
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?"  
"Ah! let the Dead repose!" she said.

But look ! On yonder gibbet's height,  
How round his wheel, as wanly glances  
The yellow moon's unclouded light,  
A malefactor's carcase dances !  
" So ho ! poor Carcase ! down with thee !  
Down, Thing of Bones, and follow me !  
And thou shalt briskly dance, ho, ho !  
Before us when to bed we go !"

Whereon the Carcase, *brush, ush, ush !*  
Came rustling, bustling, close behind,  
With whirr as when through hazel bush,  
Steals cracklingly the winter wind.  
And forward, onward, *hoff, hoff, hoff !*  
Away dashed all in gallop off,  
Till panted steeds and riders too,  
And fire and pebbles flashed and flew.

How swift the eye saw sweep and fly  
Earth's bounding car afar, afar !  
How flew on high the circling sky,  
The heavens and every winking star.

“Dost quake? The moon is fair to see.  
Hurrah! the Dead ride gloriously!  
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?”  
“Oh woe! let rest the Dead!” she said.

“’Tis well! Ha! ha! the cock is crowing;  
Thy sand, Beloved, is nearly run!  
I smell the breeze of Morning blowing.  
My good black steed, thy race is done!  
The race is done, the goal is won—  
The wedding bed we shall not shun!  
The Dead can chase and race apace!  
Behold! we face the fated place!”

Before a grated portal stand  
That midnight troop and coalblack horse,  
Which, touched as by a viewless wand,  
Bursts open with gigantic force!  
With trailing reins and lagging speed  
Wends onward now the gasping steed,  
Where ghastlily the moon illumines  
A wilderness of graves and tombs!

He halts. O horrible ! Behold—

Hoo ! hoo ! behold a hideous wonder !

The rider's garments drop like mould

Of crumbling plasterwork asunder !

His skull, in bony nakedness,

Glares hairless, fleshless, featureless !

And now a SKELETON he stands,

With flashing Scythe and Glass of Sands !

High rears the barb—he snorts—he winks—

His nostrils flame—his eyeballs glow—

And, whirl ! the maiden sinks and sinks

Down in the smothering clay below !

Then howls and shrieks in air were blended ;

And wailings from the graves ascended,

Until her heart, in mortal strife,

Wrestled with very Death for Life !

And now, as dimmer moonlight wanes,

Round Leonore in shadowy ring

The spectres dance their dance of chains,

And howlingly she hears them sing—

"Bear, bear, although thy heart be riven!  
 And tamper not with God in heaven.  
 Thy body's knell they soon shall toll—  
 May God have mercy on thy soul!"

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**The Abduction of the Lady Gertrude von  
Hochburg.**

A BALLAD.

“ Boy !—Saddle quick my Danish steed !

I rest not, I, until I ride :

These walls unsoul me—I would speed

Into the Farness wide !”

So spake Sir Carl, he scarce wist why,

With hurried voice and restless eye.

There haunted him some omen,

As 'twere, of slaying foemen.

Aneath the hoofs of that swift barb

The pebbles flew, the sparklets played ;

When, lo !—who nears him, sad of garb ?

'Tis Gertrude's weeping maid !

A thrill ran through the Ritter's frame—

It shrivelled up his flesh like flame,

And shook him like an illness,

With flushing heat and chillness.

“God shield you, Master! May you live  
 With health and gladness years on years!  
 My poor young lady—Oh, forgive  
 A helpless woman’s tears!—  
 But lost to you is Trudkin’s<sup>18</sup> hand,  
 Through Freiherr Vorst from Pommerland;<sup>19</sup>  
 That drooping flower her father  
 Hath sworn that Vorst shall gather!

“‘By this bright battle-steed, if thou  
 But think on Carl,’—’twas thus he said—  
 ‘Down shalt thou to the dungeon low,  
 Where toads shall share thy bed!  
 Nor will I rest morn, noon, or night,  
 Till I have borne him down in fight,  
 And torn out, soon or later,  
 The heart of the false traitor!’

“The bride is in her chamber now:  
 What can she do but weep and sigh?  
 Dark sorrow dims her beauteous brow;  
 She wishes but to die.

Ah, yes !—and she shall soon sleep well  
Low in the sufferer's last sad cell—  
    Soon will the death-bell's knelling  
    A dolesome tale be telling !

“ ‘ Go—tell him I must surely die !’—  
    Said she to me amid her tears—  
— ‘ Oh, tell him that my last Good-bye  
    Is that which now he hears !  
Go—God will guard you—go, and bring  
To him from me this jewelled ring,  
    In token that his true-love  
    Chose Death before a new love !’ ”

Like shock of sudden thunderpeal  
    These tidings cleave the Ritter's ear ;  
The hills around him rock and reel,  
    The dim stars disappear ;  
Thoughts wilder than the hurricane  
Flash lightning through his frenzied brain,  
    And wake him to commotion,  
    As Tempest waketh Ocean.



—“ God’s recompense, thou faithful one!—

Thy words have strung my soul for war—

God’s blessings on thee!—thou hast done

Thine errand well so far—

Now hie thee back, like mountain-deer,

And calm that trembling angel’s fear—

This arm is strong to save her

From tyrant and enslaver!

“ Speed, maiden, speed!—the moments now

Are worth imperial gems and gold—

Say that her knight has vowed a vow

That she shall ne’er be sold.

But, bid her watch the starry Seven,

For, when they shine, I stand, please Heaven,

Before her casement-portal,

Come weal or woe immortal!

“ Speed, maiden!”—And—as chased by Death—

Away, away, the damsel flies—

Sir Carl then paused a space for breath,

And rubbed his brows and eyes,

Then rode he to, and fro, and to,  
While sparklets gleamed and pebbles flew,  
Till Thought's exasperation  
Found vent in agitation.

Anon he winds his foray horn,  
And, wakeful to the welcome sound,  
Come dashing down through corn and thorn  
His vassals miles around :  
To whom—each man apart—in ear  
He whispers—" When again you hear  
This horn wake wood and valley  
Be ready for a sally!"

Night now lay dark, with dews and damps,  
On castled hill and liliated vale ;  
In Hochburg's lattices the lamps  
Were waning dim and pale,  
And Gertrude, mindless of the gloom,  
Sat pondering in her lonesome room,  
With many a saddening presage,  
Her lover's bodeful message.

When, list !—what accents, low, yet clear,

Thrill to her heart with quick surprise ?

“ Ho, Trudkin, love !—thy knight is near—

Quick, up !—Awake !—Arise !—

’Tis I, thy Carl, who call to thee—

Come forth, come out, and fly with me !

The westering moon gives warning

That Night is now nigh Morning.”—

—“ Ah, no, my Carl !—it may not be—

Wrong not so far thy stainless fame !

Were I to fly by night with thee,

Disgrace would brand my name—

Yet give me, give me, one dear kiss !

I ask, I seek no other bliss

Than such a last love-token

Before I die heart-broken.”

—“ Nay, love, dread nothing !—Shame or blame

Shall never come where thou hast flown !

I swear I hold thy name and fame

Far dearer than mine own !

Come!—thou shalt find a home anon  
Where Wedlock's bands shall make us one—  
Come, Sweet!—Needst fear no danger—  
Thou trustest not a stranger!"

—"But,—Carl, my sire!—thou knowest him well,  
The proud Rix-baron!"—Oh, return!—  
I tremble even now to tell  
How fierce his wrath would burn!  
Oh, he would track thee day and night,  
And, thirsting to revenge the flight  
Of his degenerate daughter,  
Doom thee and thine to slaughter!"

—"Hush, hush, dear love!—this knightly crest  
Will not, I trow, be soon disgraced!  
Come forth, and fear not!—East or West,  
Where'er thou wilt—but haste!  
And still those tell-tale sobs and tears;  
The winds are out, the Night hath ears,  
The very stars that glisten  
Begin to watch and listen!"

Alas, poor soul ! How could she stand  
Long wavering there in fitful doubt ?  
Up sprang Sir Carl—he caught her hand,  
And drew her gently out ;  
Yet, never on a purer pair  
Than that bold knight and maiden fair  
Did look the starry legions  
Whose march is o'er Earth's regions !

Near, in the faint grey haze of morn  
They saw the steed—the Ritter swung  
His lovely burden up ; his horn  
Around his neck he slung ;  
Then lightly leaped, himself, behind,—  
And swift sped both as Winter-wind,  
Till Hochburg in the glimmer  
Of dawn grew dim and dimmer.

But, ah!—even Ritter-love may fear  
To breast the lion in his lair!  
A menial in a chamber near  
Had overheard the pair ;

And, hungering for such golden gains  
As might requite his treacherous pains,  
He sent out through the darkness  
A shout of thrilling starkness.

“What ho, Herr Baron! Ho! Halloh!  
Up, up from sleep! Out, out from bed!  
Your child has fled to shame and woe  
With one you hate and dread—  
The Ritter Carl of Wolfenhain!  
They speed asteed o’er dale and plain—  
Up, if you would recover  
The lady from her lover!”

Whop-hollow! Whoop!—Through saal and hall,  
Through court and fort and donjon-keep,  
Eftsoons rang loud the Baron’s call,  
“What ho!—Rouse, all, from sleep!  
Ho, Freiherr Vorst, up, up!—Must know  
The bride has hied to shame and woe  
With Carl the Wolfenhainer!  
Up! Arm! We must regain her!”

Swift speed the pair through Morning's damp,  
 When, hark!—what shouts teem down the wind!  
 Hark! hark!—the thunderstamp and tramp  
 Of horses' hoofs behind!  
 And, like a tempest, o'er the plain  
 Dashed Freiherr Vorst with trailing rein.  
 And curses deep and bitter  
 Upon the flying Ritter!

“Halt, midnight robber! Halt, I say,  
 Thou burglar-thief of bone-and-blood!  
 Halt, knave! Thy felon corse ere day  
 Shall serve the crow for food!  
 And thou, false woman!—by what right  
 Art here?—I tell thee that this flight  
 Will henceforth, as a trumpet,  
 Proclaim thee for a strumpet!”

“Thou liest, Vorst of Pommerain!  
 Thou liest in thy leprous throat!  
 Pure as yon moon in heaven from stain  
 Is she on whom I doat!—

—Sweet love!—I must dismount to teach  
The slanderous wretch discreeter speech.  
Down, thou who durst belie her,  
Down from thy steed, vile Freiherr !”

Ah, then, I ween, did Gertrude feel  
Her sick heart sink with pain and dread—  
Meanwhile the foemen’s bare bright steel  
Flashed in the morning-red—  
With clash and crash, with flout and shout,  
Rang shrill the echoes round about,  
And clouds of dust rose thicker  
As clangorous blows fell quicker.

Like lightning’s wrath came down at length  
The Ritter’s broadsteel on his foe,  
And Vorst lay stripped of sword and strength;  
When, oh—undreamt-of woe !  
The Baron’s wild moss-trooping train,  
Who, roused at midnight’s hour, had ta’en  
Brief time to arm and follow,  
Rode up with whoop and hollow !



Yet fear no ill to Ritter Carl!

Hark! *Trah-rah-rah!*—he winds his horn,  
And ten score men in mailed apparel

Sweep down through corn and thorn—

“So, Baron!—there!—How sayest thou now?

Ay! frown again with darker brow,

But these be *my* retainers,

These iron Wolfenhainers!

“Pause, ere thou leave true lovers lorn!

Remorse may wring thy soul too late!

Thy child and I long since have sworn

To share each other's fate.—

But, wilt thou part us—wilt thou<sup>st</sup> brave

Thy daughter's curse when in her grave,

So be it! On!—I care not!

I, too, can slay and spare not!

“Yet hold!—one other course is thine,

A worthier course, a nobler choice—

Mayest blend thy daughter's weal with mine,

Mayest bid us both rejoice—

Give, Baron, give me Trudkin's hand !  
Heaven's bounty gave me gold and land,  
And Calumny can touch on  
No blot in my escutcheon !"

Alas ! poor Gertrude ! Who can tell  
Her agony of hope and fear,  
As, like a knell, each full word fell  
Upon her anxious ear ?  
She cast herself in tears to earth,  
She wrang her hands till blood gushed forth,—<sup>16</sup>  
She tried each fond entreaty  
To move her sire to pity.

" O, father, for the love of Heaven,  
Have mercy on your child ! Forgive,  
Even as you look to be forgiven !—  
A guilty fugitive  
I am not !—If I fled from one  
Whom still I cannot chuse but shun  
As ruffian-like and hateful,  
Oh, call me not ungrateful !

“ Think, think how in my childhood’s days

    You used to take me on your knee,

And sing me old romantic lays,

    Which yet are dear to me !

You called me then your hope, your pride ;

Oh, father, cast not now aside

    Those hallowed recollections !

    Crush not your child’s affections !”

Oh, mighty Nature!—how at last

    Thou conquerest all of Adam’s race !—

The Baron turned away and passed

    One hand across his face—

He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,

And tears were such a shame in him,

    Whose glory lay in steeling

    His bosom against Feeling !

But, all in vain !—a thousand spears

    Pierce in each word his daughter speaks—

In vain !—the pent-up floods of years

    Roll down the warrior’s cheeks ;

And now he raises up his child,  
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild  
Pale face of angel meekness!  
With all a father's weakness!

“ My child ! I may have seemed severe—  
Well, God forgive me—as I now  
Forgive thee also freely here  
All bypast faults !—And thou,  
My son, come hither !”—And the Knight  
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—  
“ Since love bears no repressing,  
Mayest have her,—with my blessing !

“ Why carry to a vain excess  
The enmities of Life's short span ?  
Forgiveness and Forgetfulness  
Are what Man owes to Man.  
What, though thy sire was long my foe,  
And wrought me Wrong—since he lies low  
Where lie the Best and Bravest,  
Peace to him in his clay-vest !

“Come!—all shall soon be well once more—

For, with our feuds, our cares will cease;

And Heaven has rich rewards in store

For those who cherish Peace.

Come, children!—this day ends our strife—

Clasp hands!—There!—May your path of life

Be henceforth strewn with roses!”—

And here the ballad closes.

---

**The Demon-Dager.**

Up rose the sun : the church-dome shone  
And burned aloft like burnished gold,  
And deep and far, with swelling tone,  
The Sabbath-bell for matins tolled.  
Those holy peals from tower and steeple  
Awoke to prayer the Christian people.

His horn the Wild-and-Rhinegrave sounded—  
“What ho! To horse! to horse away!”—  
His fiery steed beneath him bounded;  
Forth sprang the hounds with yell and bay,  
And, loosed from leash, they dashed pell-mell  
Through corn and thorn, down dell and fell.

In curve and zig-zag sped their flight,  
And “Ho! Halloo!” how rang the air!  
When, towards the Knight came left and right  
A horseman here, a horseman there!  
A snow-white steed the one bestrode:  
Like lurid fire the other’s glowed.

Who were the yagers left and right ?

I darkly guess, but fear to say.

The countenance of one was bright

And lovely as a Summer's day ;

The other's eye-balls, fierce and proud,

Shot lightning, like a thunder-cloud.

“ All hail, Sir Count ! We come in time

To chase the stag with horse and hound :

Can lordlier sport or more sublime

Than this on Earth, in Heaven be found !”

So spake the left-hand stranger there,

And tossed his bonnet high in air.

“ Ill sounds to-day thy boisterous horn,”

Thus did the other mildly say :

“ Turn round to church this hallowed morn,

Mayest else hunt down a rueful prey !

Thy better angel is thy warner,

And bids thee flee the unholy scorner.”

“ Spur on, spur on, Sir Count with me !”

Exclaimed the left-hand cavalier :

What's droning chant or chime to thee ?

Hast got far nobler pastime here.

Come ! learn in my distinguished school,

And laugh to scorn yon pious fool !”

“ Ha ! ha ! Well said, my left-hand feere !

We tally bravely, I and thou :

Who shuns this day to drive the deer

Should count his beads in church, I trow.

Mayest go, priest-ridden oaf, and pray ;

For me I'll hunt the livelong day.”

And, helter-skelter, forward flew

That headlong train o'er plain and height :

And still the yagers one and two

Preserved their places left and right ;

And soon a milk-white stag they spied,

With mighty antlers branching wide.

Afresh the Wildgrave winds his horn,

And horse and hound sweep on amain ;

When, hurled to earth, all gashed and torn,

A man lies trampled by the train.



“ Ay, trample—to the devil trample!  
Our princely sport must needs be ample!”

And now, as in a field of corn  
The panting prey a shelter seeks,  
A husbandman, with look forlorn,  
Stands forth, uplifts his hands, and speaks;  
“ Oh! mercy, noble lord! and spare  
The poor man’s sweat and hoary hair!

The pitying right-hand cavalier  
Then mildly warns and blandly pleads:  
But, taunted by his horrid feere,  
Who goads him on to devilish deeds,  
The Wildgrave fiercely spurns his warner,  
And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“ Avaunt, vile dog!—else, by the devil,”  
The Wildgrave shouted furiously,  
“ My blood-hounds on thy bones shall revel:  
Halloo, companions! follow me!  
And lash your whip-thongs in his ear,  
Until the reptile quake for fear!”

Soon said, soon done—the Wildgrave springs  
Across the fence with whoop and hollow,  
And, bugle-filled, the welkin rings,  
As hound, and horse, and hunter follow,  
Who trample down the yellow grain,  
Until the ruin reeks again.

The sounds once more the stag awaken ;  
Uproused, he flies o'er heights and plains,  
Till, hotly chased, but uno'ertaken.  
A pasture-ground at last he gains,  
And crouches down among the heather,  
Where flocks and cattle browse together.

But on, by grot, and wood, and hill,  
And on, by hill, and wood, and grot  
The yelling dogs pursue him still,  
And scent his track, and reach the spot ;  
Whereon the herdsman, filled with trouble,  
Falls face to earth before the Noble.

“ O ! mercy, lord ! Let not thy hounds  
On these defenceless creatures fall !

Bethink thee, noble Count, these grounds

Hold many a widow's little all!

Sirs, as ye hope for mercy yet,

Spare, spare the poor man's bitter sweat!"

And now the gentler cavalier

Renews his prayer, and sues and pleads—

But, taunted by his godless feere,

Who goads him on to hellish deeds,

The Wildgrave scowls upon his warner,

And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

"Audacious clay-clod! hast thou done?

I would to Heaven thy herds and thou,

Calves, cows, and sheep, were bound in one!

By all that's damnable I vow

That were ye thus, 'twould glad me well

To hunt ye to the gates of Hell!"

"Halloo, companions! follow me—

Ho! tally-ho! hurrah! hurrah!"

So, on the hounds rush ragingly,

And grapple each his nearest prey:

Down sinks the herdsman, torn and mangled,  
Down sinks his herd, all gashed and strangled.

Grown feebler now, the stag essays,  
His coat besplashed with foam and blood,  
To reach, by many winding ways,  
The covert of a neighbouring wood,  
And, plunging down a darksome dell,  
Takes refuge in a hermit's cell.

But hark! the horn! the clangorous horn,  
The harsh hurrah and stunning cheer,  
Along the blast afresh are borne,  
And horse and huntsman follow here,  
Till, startled by the barbarous rout,  
The old recluse himself comes out.

“Back, impious man! What! wilt profane  
God's venerated sanctuary?  
Behold! His creatures' groans of pain  
Even now call down his wrath on thee:  
Be warned, I charge thee, for the last time,  
Or swift perdition waits thy pastime!”

Again the right-hand cavalier  
 In earnest mood entreats and pleads ;  
 But, taunted by his grisly feere,  
 Who goads him still to hellish deeds,  
 The Count shakes off his faithful warner,  
 And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“ Perdition here, perdition there,  
 I reckon not, I,” the Wildgrave cried ;  
 “ Ay, even through Heaven itself I swear  
 I’d count it noble sport to ride.  
 What care I, dolt ! for thee or God ?  
 I’ll have my will and way, unawed.”

He sounds his whip, he winds his horn—  
 “ Halloo, companions ! Forward ! On !”  
 But, scattered like the mists of morn,  
 Lo ! horse and hound and man are gone !  
 And echoing horns and yagers’ hollows  
 The stillness of the grave-porch swallows.

The Wildgrave glances round, amazed ;  
 In vain the bugle meets his lip :

In vain his toneless voice is raised ;  
In vain he tries to wield his whip ;  
He spurs his horse on either side,  
But neither to nor fro can ride.

All round the air shows clogged with gloom,  
And through its blackness dense and dread  
Sweep sounds as when the surges boom.  
Anon above the Wildgrave's head  
Red lightning cleaves the cloud asunder,  
And then these words burst forth in thunder : —

“ O ! foe of Heaven and Human-kind !  
Accursèd wretch, less man than fiend  
Whom neither love nor law can bind !  
Even now thy victims' cries ascend  
Before the judgment-seat of God,  
Where Justice grasps the avenging rod !

“ Fly, monster, fly ! and henceforth be  
Chased night and day by demon-hordes,  
The sport of Hell eternally,  
For warning to those ruthless lords

Who, sooner than forego their mirth,  
Would desolate both Heaven and Earth !”

A lurid twilight, sulphur-pale,  
Forthwith envelopes wild and wood :  
What horrors now his heart assail !  
What frenzy fires his brain and blood,  
While that pale sulphur-lightning flashes,  
And ice-winds hiss and thunder crashes !

Then thunder groans, the ice-winds blow,  
The woods are clad in sulphur-sheen ;  
When, rising from the earth below,  
A black, gigantic hand is seen,  
Which grasps the Wildgrave by the hair,  
And whirls him round and round in air.

The flaming billows round him sweep  
With green, and blue, and orange glow ;  
And, wandering through that burning deep,  
Move shapeless monsters to and fro,  
Till from its gulf, with howl and yell,  
Up rush the ghastly hounds of Hell.

Thus first began this Yager's chase—

And, chorussing his shrieks and cries,  
Still after him throughout all space

His bellowing escort onward flies ;  
All day through Earth's deep dens and hollows,  
All night through upper air it follows.

And ever thus, by night and day,

Through shifting moons and wheeling years,  
He sees that phantom-crew alway ;

And night and day he ever hears  
Their hellish yells and hideous laughter  
Borne on the winds that follow after.

This is the Demon-Yager's Chase,

Which, till the years of Time be told,  
At midnight oft through airy space

The shuddering Landmann must behold ;  
And many a huntsman knows full well  
The tale which yet he dreads to tell.



**The Ways of Cupid.**

Young Susan was a likely lass :

I knew her well and long :

A modest girl and good she was,

Or else my guess was wrong.

I went and came, I came and went,

As rivers ebb and flow :

Whene'er I came I felt content,

Nor less when forced to go.

Anon, without my choice or voice,

Things took another turn ;

The Coming bade my heart rejoice,

The Going made it mourn :

I had no hope, no home, no goal,

Save Sue and Sue alone,

My mind and thoughts, my heart and soul,

Were her's, and not mine own.

Then deaf I grew, and dumb and dull,

I saw nor bloom nor flower,

For nought was bright or beautiful

Unless in Susan's bower ;

Sun, stars, or moon, by night or noon,  
I could not find or mind—  
I only gazed on Sue, and soon  
I gazed my peepers blind.

When lo! a different season came,  
And I was changed anew.  
Though Susan still remained the same,  
As fair, as good, as true,  
I went and came, I came and went,  
As rivers ebb and flow,  
But always came with less content,  
And went, well pleased to go.

Ye sages grave, you understand  
Why many a youth and miss  
Join heart and hand in Wedlock's band,  
And woo, and coo, and kiss.  
Ye thinkers, then, ye learned men,  
I pray you tell me free,  
The How and Where, the Why and When  
Things went so odd with me.

I've thought, myself, both morn and night,  
     Both night and morn I've thought;  
 I've thought, and sought, and prayed for light,  
     But I've discovered nought;  
 So Love, you mind, is like the wind—  
     You feel it while it blows—  
 But whence it comes you cannot find,  
     Nor follow where it goes.

---

**Hept.**

Oh ! maiden of heavenly birth,  
Than rubies and gold more precious,  
Who camest of old upon Earth,  
To solace the human species !  
As fair as the morn that uncloses  
Her gates in a region sunny,  
Thou openest lips of roses  
And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals  
Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,  
For sake of afflicted mortals  
Thou leftest thy home in Heaven,  
To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,  
The monstrous brood of Crime,  
And restore us the prospects noble  
That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending  
And Happiness move in thy train :  
Where Might is with Might contending,  
And labor and tumult reign,

Thou succourest those that are toiling,  
 Ere yet all their force hath departed ;  
 And pourest thy balsam of oil in  
 The wounds of the Broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior  
 When battle is round him and peril ;  
 Thou formest the husbandman's barrier  
 'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile ;  
 From the sun and the bright Spring showers,  
 From the winds and the gentle dew,  
 Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers  
 And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,  
 And Reason is captive to Sadness,  
 Thou raisest the soul that was drooping,  
 And givest it spirit and gladness ;  
 The powers Despair had degraded  
 Thou snatchest from dreary decay,  
 And all that was shrunken and faded  
 Reblooms in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest  
 Thou deadenest half of his dolours,

For still as he suffers thou paintest  
The Future in rainbow colors :  
By thee are his visions vermillioned ;  
Thou throne'st his soul in a palace,  
In which, under purple pavilioned,  
He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,  
Where the slave is dreeing his doom,  
A ray from thy lamp ever follows  
His footsteps throughout the gloom.  
And the wretch condemned in the galleys  
To swink at the ponderous oar,  
Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,  
And thinks on his labours no more.

O, goddess ! the gales of whose breath  
Are the heralds of Life when we languish,  
And who dashest the potion of Death  
From the lips of the martyr to Anguish :  
No earthly event is so tragic  
But thou winnest good from it still,  
And the lightning-like might of thy magic  
Is conqueror over all ill !

KARL SIMROCK.

---

**O, Maria, Regina Misericordiæ !**

There lived a Knight long years ago,  
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.  
Of God above, or Hell below,  
He took no thought, but, undismayed,  
Pursued his course of wickedness.  
His heart was rock ; he never prayed  
To be forgiven for all his treasons ;  
He only said, at certain seasons,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy ! ”

Years rolled, and found him still the same,  
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl ;  
Yet felt he now and then some shame ;  
The torment of the Undying Worm  
At whiles woke in his trembling soul ;

And then, though powerless to reform,  
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest  
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,  
And loathing now came after Sin.  
With locks yet brown he felt as one  
Grown grey at heart ; and oft, with tears,  
He tried, but all in vain, to win  
From the dark desert of his years  
One flower of hope ; yet, morn and e'ening,  
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

A happier mind, a holier mood,  
A purer spirit, ruled him now :  
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,  
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,  
And, under a religious vow,  
Travailed his way to Pommerland,  
There entered he an humble cloister,  
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”



Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares  
Aside, and wrought for God alone.

Albeit he sang no choral prayers,  
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,  
He mortified his flesh to stone;

For him no penance was too stern ;  
And often prayed he on his lonely  
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,  
“ O MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

And thus he lived long, long ; and, when  
God's angels called him, thus he died.

Confession made he none to men,  
Yet, when they anointed him with oil,  
He seemed already glorified.

His penances, his tears, his toil,  
Were past ; and now, with passionate sighing,  
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

They buried him with mass and song  
Aneath a little knoll so green ;  
But, lo ! a wonder-sight !—Ere long  
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,  
The fairest lily ever seen ;

And, on its petal-edges round,  
Relieving their translucent whiteness,  
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

And, would God's angels give thee power,  
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold  
The fibres of this holy flower  
Upspringing from the dead man's heart  
In tremulous threads of light and gold ;  
Then wouldst thou choose the better part !”  
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions ;  
Thy sole response to mocking questions,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

## EDUARD MOERIKE.

---

My River.

River! my River in the young sun-shine!

O, clasp afresh in thine embrace

This longing, burning frame of mine,

And kiss my breast, and kiss my face!

So,—there!—Ha, ha!—already in thine arms!

I feel thy love—I shout—I shiver;

But thou outlaughest loud a flouting song, proud River,  
And now again my bosom warms!

The droplets of the golden sunlight glide

Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim

Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,

Or loll amid its crypts with outstretched limb:

I fling abroad mine arms, and lo!

Thy wanton waves curl slily round me;

But ere their loose chains have well bound me

Again they burst away and let me go!

O, sun-loved River ! wherefore dost thou hum,  
    Hum, hum alway, thy strange, deep, mystic song  
Unto the rocks and strands ?—for they are dumb,  
    And answer nothing as thou flowest along.  
Why singest so all hours of night and day ?  
    Ah, River ! my best River ! thou, I guess, art seeking  
    Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking  
With Nature in her own old wondrous way !  
  
Lo ! highest Heaven looms far below me here ;  
    I see it in thy waters, as they roll,  
So beautiful, so blue, so clear,  
    'Twould seem, O River mine, to be thy very soul !  
Oh, could I hence dive down to such a sky,  
    Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,  
    So far outshining all in ancient fairy-story,  
I would indeed have joy to die !  
  
What on cold Earth is deep as thou ? Is aught ?  
    Love is as deep, Love only is as deep :  
Love lavisheth All, yet loseth, lacketh Nought ;  
    Like thee, too, Love can neither pause nor sleep.  
Roll on, thou loving river, thou ! Lift up  
    Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing !  
    Thou makest me immortal ! I am quaffing  
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup !

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,

Back to thy bank of rosy flowers :

Thanks, then, and fare thee well !—Enjoy thy bliss alone !

And through the year's melodious hours

Echo for ever from thy bosom broad

All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling ;

And woo down to their soundless fountain-dwelling

The holy stars of God !

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## JOHANN ELIAS SCHLEGEL

**Lobe-Bittg.**

My love, my wingèd love, is like the swallow,  
Which in Autumn flies from home,  
But, when balmy Spring agen is come,  
And soft airs and sunshine follow,  
Returneth newly,  
And gladdens her old haunts till after bowery July.

My slumberous love is like the winter-smitten  
Tree, whereon Decay doth feed,  
Till the drooping dells and forests read  
What the hand of May hath written  
Against their sadness;  
And then, behold ! it wakens up to life and gladness !

My love, my flitting love, is like the shadow  
All day long on path or wall :  
Let but Evening's dim-grey curtains fall,  
And the sunlight leave the meadow,  
And, self-invited,  
It wanders through all bowers where Beauty's lamps  
are lighted.

EMANUEL GEIBLER.

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**Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams.**

[“ Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighbourhood of Langewinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death ; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still.”—*SNOW'S Legends of the Rhine*, vol. II.]

Beauteous is it in the Summer-night, and calm along the  
Rhine,

And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on  
wave and vine.

But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent Hill alone,  
Like the phantom of a Monarch looking vainly for his  
throne !

Yes !—’tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this beloved  
land !

’Tis the glorious Car’lus Magnus, with his gleamy sword  
in hand,

And his crown enwreathed with myrtle, and his golden  
sceptre bright,

And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the night !

Since he dwelled among his people stormy centuries have  
    rolled,  
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is  
    waxing old:  
Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he  
    once more  
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langawinkel's  
    shore?

O, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not leave his  
    tomb  
As the herald of disaster to our land of light and bloom;  
He cometh not with blight or ban on castle, field, or  
    shrine,  
But with overflowing blessings for the Vineyards of the  
    Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the  
    time,  
They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient Ingelheim;  
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the Monarch  
    seen to go,  
And from thence he pours his blessings on the royal flood  
    below.



He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,  
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden  
grain,

The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;  
He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth;

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute Fare-  
well,

And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,  
Till the Summertime be come again, with sun, and rain,  
and dew,

And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to  
them anew.

JOHANN PAUL RICHTER

**The New-Year's Night of a Miserable Man.**

In the lone stillness of the New-year's Night  
An old man at his window stood, and turned  
His dim eyes to the firmament, where, bright  
And pure, a million rolling planets burned,  
And then down on the earth all cold and white,  
And felt that moment that of all who mourned  
And groaned upon its bosom, none there were  
With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For, near him lay his grave—hidden from view  
Not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows  
Of Age alone. In torturing thought he flew  
Over the Past, and on his memory rose  
That picture of his life which Conscience drew,  
With all its fruits—Diseases, Sins, and Woes ;  
A ruined frame, a blighted soul, dark years  
Of Agony, Remorse, and withering Fears.

Like spectres now his bright Youth-days came back,  
And that cross-road of Life where, when a boy,  
His father placed him first : its right-hand track  
Leads to a land of Glory, Peace, and Joy,  
Its left to wildernesses waste and black,  
Where snakes and plagues and poison-winds destroy.  
Which had he trod ? Alas ! the serpents hung  
Coiled round his heart, their venom on his tongue.

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried,  
“ Restore my youth to me ! Oh, God ! restore  
My morn of Life ! Oh, father ! be my guide,  
And let me, let me chuse my path once more ! ”  
But on the wide waste air his ravings died  
Away, and all was silent as before.  
His youth had glided by, fleet as the wave,  
His father came not ; he was in his grave.

Strange lights flashed flickering by : a star was falling ;  
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush—  
*Like me !* he thought, and oh ! that thought was galling,  
And hot and heartwring tears began to gush.  
Sleepwalkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling ;  
Gaunt windmills lifted up their arms to crush ;  
And skeleton monsters rose up from the dim  
Pits of the charnelhouse, and glared on him !

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,  
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,  
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing  
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth :  
Milder emotions over him came stealing ;  
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.  
"Return !" again he cried, imploringly ;  
"Oh, my lost Youth ! return, return to me !"

AND YOUTH RETURNED, and Age withdrew its terrors.

Still was he young, for he had dreamed the whole ;  
But faithful is the image Conscience mirrors  
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.  
Alas ! too real were his sins and errors ;  
Too truly had he made the earth his goal ;  
He wept, and thanked his God that, with the will,  
He had the power, to choose the right path still.

Here, youthful reader, ponder ! and if thou,  
Like him, art reeling over the Abyss,  
And shakest off Sin's iron bondage now,  
This ghastly dream may prove thy guide to bliss ;  
But, should Age once be written on thy brow  
Its wrinkles will not be a dream, like this.  
Mayest vainly pour thy tears above the Urn  
Of thy departed Youth—it never will return !

## ANONYMOUS.

---

**Where are they?**

## SWABIAN POPULAR SONG.

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gladsome, all?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gladsome, all?

They left the festal hearth and hall.

They pine afar from us in alien climes.

Oh, who shall bring them back to us once more?

Who shall restore

Life's fairy floral times?

Restore

Life's fairy floral times?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gallant, all?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gallant, all?

At Freedom's thrilling clarion-call

They went forth in the pride of Youthhood's powers.

Oh, who shall give them back to us once more ?

Who shall restore

Long-buried hearts and hours ?

Restore

Long-buried hearts and hours ?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gifted, all ?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gifted, all ?

They would not yield their souls the thrall

Of gold, or sell the glory of their lays.

Oh, who shall give them back to us once more ?

Who shall restore

The bright young songful days ?

Restore

The bright young songful days ?

God only can restore us

The lost ones all.

But God He will restore us

The lost ones all !

What, though the Future's shadows fall

Dark o'er their fate, seen darker through our tears,  
Our God will give them back to us once more—  
He can restore  
The vanished golden years :  
Restore  
The vanished golden years !

---

KARL THEODORE KOERNER.

---

***The Minstrel's Motherland.***

Where lies the minstrel's Motherland?

Where Love is faith and Friendship duty,

Where Valour wins its meed from Beauty,

Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,

And Freedom bids the soul expand—

There *lay* my Motherland!

Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,

There *was* my Motherland!

How fares the minstrel's Motherland?

The land of oaks and sunlit waters

Is dark with woe, is red with slaughters;

Her bravest sons, her fairest daughters,

Are dead—or live proscribed and banned—

So fares my Motherland!

The land of oaks and sunlit waters—

My cherished Motherland!



Why weeps the minstrel's Motherland ?

To see her sons, while tyrants trample

Her yellow fields and vineyards ample,

So coldly view the bright example

Long shown them by a faithful band—

For this weeps Motherland !

Because they slight that high example

Weeps thus my Motherland !

What wants the minstrel's Motherland ?

To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,

And see *their* German broadswords gleaming,

And spy *their* German standard streaming,

Who spurn the Despot's haught command,

This wants my Motherland !

To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,

This wants my Motherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's Motherland ?

Her saints and gods of ancient ages,

Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,

To bless the war fair Freedom wages,

And speed her torch from hand to hand—

These calls my Motherland !

Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,

These calls my Motherland !

And hopes then still the minstrel's Land ?

Yes ! Prostrate in her deep dejection,

She still dares hope swift resurrection !

She hopes in Heaven and His protection

Who can redeem from Slavery's brand—

This hopes my Motherland !

She hopes in God and God's protection,

My suffering Motherland !

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## OTTO RUNGE

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**Holiness to the Lord.**

There blooms a beautiful Flower; it blooms in a far-off  
land;

Its life has a mystic meaning for few to understand.

Its leaves illumine the valley, its odour scents the wood;  
And if evil men come near it they grow for the moment  
good.

When the winds are tranced in slumber the rays of this  
luminous Flower

Shed glory more than earthly o'er lake and hill and  
bower;

The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, Earth's forsakenest  
sod,

Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills the Heaven of  
God.

Three kings came once to a hostel, wherein lay the

Flower so rare :

A star shone over its roof, and they knelt adoring there.

Whenever thou seest a damsel whose young eyes dazzle

and win,

O, pray that her heart may cherish this Flower of Flowers  
within!

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S. A. MAHLMANN.

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**The Grave, the Grave.**

Blest are the Dormant  
In Death ! They repose  
From Bondage and Torment,  
From Passions and Woes,  
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor,  
The Grave, the Grave, is the true Liberator !

Griefs chase one another  
Around the Earth's dome :  
In the arms of the Mother<sup>18</sup>  
Alone is our home.  
Woo Pleasure, ye triflers ! The Thoughtful are wiser ;  
The Grave, the Grave, is their one Tranquilliser !

Is the Good man unfriended  
On Life's ocean-path,  
Where storms have expended  
Their turbulent wrath ?

Are his labours requited by Slander and Rancor ?  
The Grave, the Grave is his sure bower-anchor !

To gaze on the faces  
Of Lost ones anew,—  
To lock in embraces  
The Loved and the True,  
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter ;  
The Grave, the Grave is the great Rëuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,  
The conqueror's wreath,  
Make joyous with carols  
The Chamber of Death,  
And welcome the Victor with cymbal and psalter ;  
The Grave, the Grave is the only Exalter !

## APPENDIX.

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- (1) Mit dem *Gürtel*, mit dem *Schleier*,  
Reißt der schöne Wahn entwei.

Schiller here alludes to that custom of antiquity according to which the bridegroom unloosed the zone and removed the veil of his betrothed. Among the ancients, to *unbind the cestus*, and to *espouse*, were expressions meaning the same thing. Hence the well-known line of Catullus—

Quod possit *zonam solvere* virgineam.

- (2) Here, and in a few subsequent passages, Schiller omits his rhymes.

(3) Die Straassen füllen sich, die *Hallen*.—Schiller means public halls, as the Town-hall, the Halls of Justice, &c.

(4) *Brim* is the technical term for the body of the bell, or that part upon which the clapper strikes.

- (5) Pygmalion.

- (6) Voltaire.

(7) I need hardly inform the classical reader that the epithets in this line are from Plato.

- (8) Wallenstein.

- (9) An allusion to Wallenstein's astrological studies.

- (10) This is an allegorical poem on the Sun.

- (11) *Hypericum perforatum*.

(12) *Trudchen* (pronounced *Troodkin*) is the familiar German diminutive of *Gertrude*.

- (13) Pomerania.

- (14) *Reichsharon*, a Baron of the Empire.

- (15) *Viz. If thou wilt*, (according to the German idiom).

(16) "Sie rang die schönen Hände *wund*,"—She wrang the fair hands *wounded*, i.e., until they were wounded. So also they say in Germany,—"*Er hat sich arm gebaut*,"—He has built himself poor, i. e., He has impoverished himself by building This I notice here merely as being a peculiarly condensed and forcible mode of expression.

(17) Luke x. 42.

(18) Mother Earth.

THE END.

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